

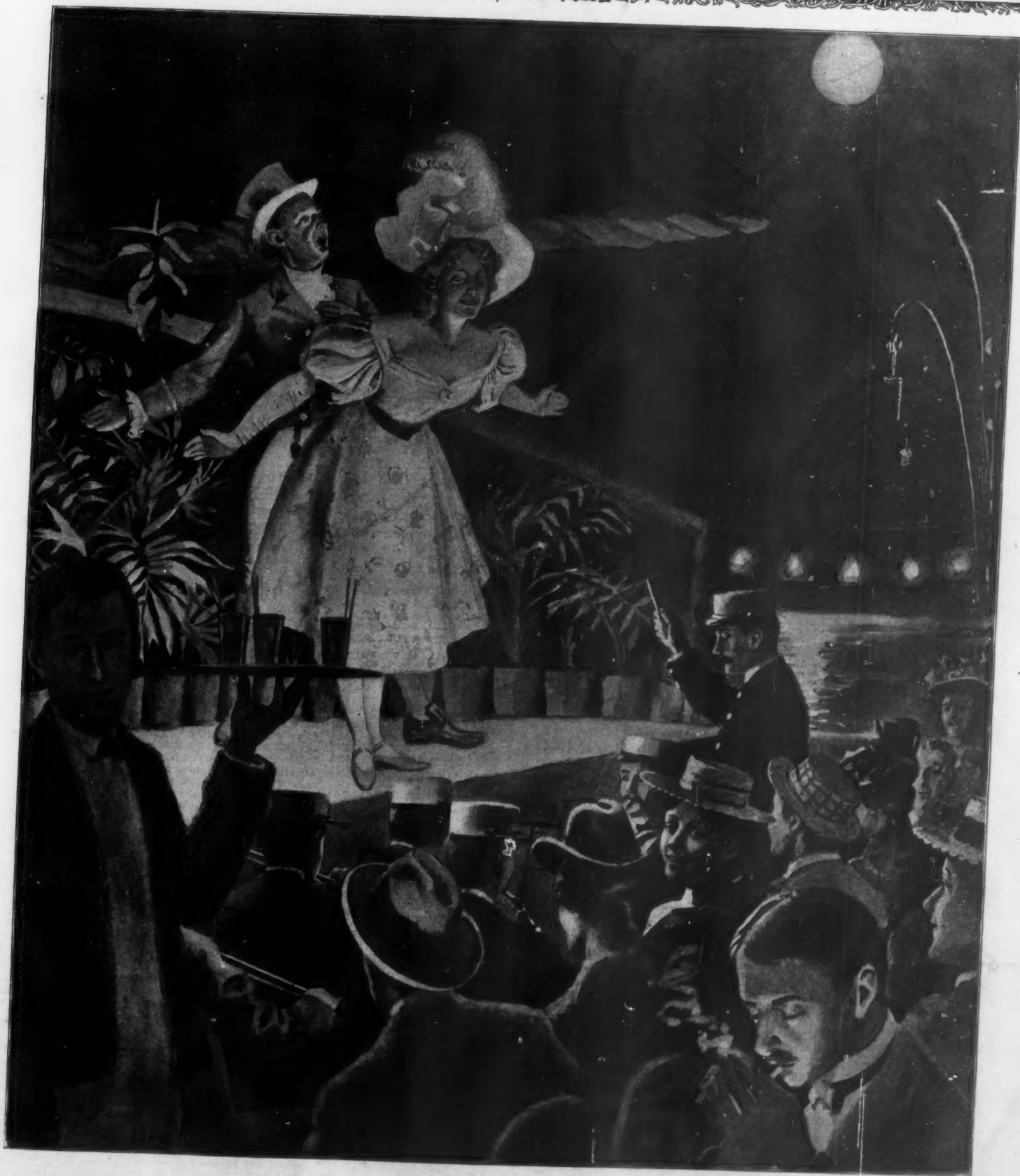
# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT ON A FLOATING ROOF-GARDEN.

# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK CITY.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1897.

## RAILWAYS IN THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

It is true enough, as some critics of the Diamond Jubilee have observed, that the so-called Victorian age is not, like the Elizabethan era, a sharply marked and isolated epoch, but that, on the contrary, the progress witnessed in so many directions was already well under way before the queen's accession to the throne. From one point of view, however, the last sixty years may be said to have constituted a distinctive period. For, although the application of steam to carriages and wagons moving on fixed iron tracks began a little earlier, no systematic employment of the invention had been made, and those years, therefore, have been coincident with a tremendous revolution in the methods of land travel and transportation. It is owing to railways that the whole social economy, as well as the outward aspect of the United Kingdom, has been more thoroughly transformed during the reign of Victoria than by any other agency since wool-raising, which was once the principal business of England, was supplanted by agriculture.

We have said that the employment of steam for the propulsion of vehicles on iron rails began before the commencement of the reign, yet the first experiment took place only a little earlier, and it is certain that the queen herself, and the vast majority of her subjects, had never seen a railway when she ascended the throne. Wooden tramways, indeed, which embodied the germ of railways, had been used for some two hundred years in the mineral districts of England for the conveyance of coal to the sea. In 1676 these tramways consisted of rails of timber laid from the colliery to a river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts were made with four wheels fitting the rails, whereby carriage became so easy that one horse would draw down four or five chaldrons of coals. Presently it became a common practice to nail down bars of wrought iron on the surfaces of the ascending inclines of the road. Cast iron was first tried incidentally as a material for rails in 1767; the tramway may be said to have been developed into the railway (though as yet only horse-power was used) by the employment of cast iron flanged railways, the continuous flange or ledge on the inner edge of the rail keeping the wheel on the track. The name tramroad, indeed, is supposed to be an abbreviation of tram-mel road, the flanges of the rails being in reality tram-mels to confine the wheels to the tracks. In 1789 were introduced cast iron "edge rails," raised well above the ground so as to allow a flanged cast iron wheel to run on them. Finally, in 1820, a wrought iron wheel was patented and rapidly grew into favor. So much for the evolution of the track; now for the change in propulsive power. The advantage derived from the use of tramways for the transportation of coal naturally suggested the employment of them for general merchandise and passengers. Up to the reign of Victoria travelers by land still depended almost exclusively on public coaches, private carriages, and saddle horses; for the inland conveyance of merchandise canals were largely used. The canals, however, were notoriously inadequate to the needs of transportation, and the conveyance of passengers over the coach roads, although it had become relatively rapid, was so costly as to confine the use even of the public coaches to the rich. The first determined effort to mend this state of things was the passage of an act in 1821 for the construction of the Stockton and Darling-

ton railway, over thirty-eight miles in length. Horse-power was, at first, relied upon for working this line, but by another act applied for at the request of George Stephenson, its engineer, the Company was empowered to work the railway with locomotive engines. In September, 1825, a train of thirty-four vehicles, having a gross weight of ninety tons, was drawn over this line at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour by one engine driven by Stephenson, with a signal-man on horseback in advance. From the first, some passengers were carried, and within a month the Company put on a daily coach to carry six inside and from fifteen to twenty outside. Several other small lines quickly followed the example, and adopted steam traction. But it was not until the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1829 that the national mind can be said to have awakened to the fact that a revolution in the modes of traveling was about to take place. Even now the change was very gradual, for the abandonment of the old methods met with stiff and even fanatical resistance, and only in 1838, the year after Victoria's accession, was a line opened between London and Birmingham, when the first train accomplished the whole distance, 112 miles, at an average speed of over 20 miles per hour. This performance turned the scale in favor of steam traction, and within the next four or five years were laid the foundations of most of the existing trunk lines of railway in Great Britain. By the end of the year 1854, the length of the railways open for traffic in the United Kingdom was 8,053 miles; in 1874 that mileage was doubled; at the close of 1883, it amounted to 18,681 miles, and it is now upward of 21,000 miles; a length which may well appear extraordinary when one considers the area of the United Kingdom, but which looks insignificant enough when it is compared with the 144,000 miles of railway in the United States.

Remarkable, also, have been the improvements in railway travel in Great Britain since the beginning of the reign as regards the commodiousness of vehicles and the comfort of travelers. It was long before railway companies could rid themselves of the idea that railway architecture must be modeled on coach architecture. The carriages originally provided were rough, spartan and loosely coupled boxes, rude counterparts of the mail coaches drawn by horses. At the outset there was no distinction of class in the railway vehicles, and the result was that, until the forties were well under way, the upper classes, to avoid contamination, used to have their private horse-coaches placed upon open trucks, and thus drawn by engines on the rails. Eventually, first and second-class compartments were introduced; but third-class travelers had to stand in open trucks mounted upon the rudest of springs; except in fine weather, and for a short journey, their sufferings must have been almost unendurable. By-and-by, however, these trucks gave place to covered vehicles; these were at first unfurnished with seats, and, when seats were put in, they had no backs, much less cushions. The second-class passengers, also, were subjected to discomforts and indignities, but no pity was expressed for refined persons who were compelled by scanty means to travel in vehicles of an inferior class. We are told, on the contrary, that at one of the early meetings of the South Eastern Company, the chairman commented with displeasure on the fact of his having observed "quite respectably attired persons" unblushingly seating themselves in third-class vehicles, while Lord Bra-bourne, a director in one of the Northern companies, personally rebuked an unfortunate clergyman whom he caught stepping into one of them. Victoria's reign was twenty-three years old when English railways discontinued the practice of carrying the passenger's luggage on the roof, imperfectly protected by tarpaulins. It was in the early sixties, also, that the

North Western Railway announced the introduction of "bed carriages" on their Irish and Scotch mail trains. This improvement, however, consisted simply in having draw-out and let-down shelves in a few saloons, the traveler furnishing his own bed linen, which consisted of rugs. It is acknowledged by Englishmen themselves that for the development of their ideas of railway comfort and luxury they are mainly indebted to our fellow-countryman, George Pullman. Before the close of the sixties the English railway companies were awakened to the value of the four-wheeled trucks upon which the Pullman cars were carried, and in 1874 the Midland Railway imported a stock of Pullman vehicles, some of which were converted into traveling restaurants, and run daily between London and Leeds and Manchester. The example was followed by the London, Brighton, and South-coast Company, which put on a Pullman train for the use of City men, journeying daily between London and Brighton. Meanwhile, the enterprise of the Midland Company had compelled its rivals to construct refreshment cars of their own. By 1894 dining facilities had been offered even to third-class passengers on the through Scotch express during the tourist season; and last year the same thing was done by the Midland and Great Northern Companies on their lines to Leeds and Manchester. It is probable that some effort will be made presently to secure the comfort of third-class passengers at night, though as yet no third-class or even second-class sleeping carriages exist in the United Kingdom. For first-class passengers sleeping cars have been provided for some fifteen years on the long distance night expresses to the North; and in the first week of July in the present year the Great Eastern introduced the novel experiment of a supper train. We note, finally, that the latest important development in English rolling stock is the corridor train, which, like the Pullman car, was borrowed from the United States. Both the Great Northern and Great Eastern Companies had built separate corridor coaches, but in 1893 the Great Western constructed the first complete corridor train *en bloc*.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

THE best indication that a period of general prosperity is near is not in the pleasing crops and prices of cotton and wheat and the increasing activity of manufactures. It is in the economy, endurance and experience of the last four years. Except the very rich, all classes have found it necessary or at least advisable to curtail expenses. They have learned that many supposed necessities were mere indulgences and extravagances, which could be cut off without entailing suffering. They have learned, also, a lesson specially needed by a resourceful and aspiring people—a lesson so easily forgotten that it must often be re-learned—that it is never safe to live up to one's income, use credit to the utmost and leave the future to take care of itself. The most free-handed Americans are not of the richest classes; they are the better classes of farmers and mechanics, who wish to give their families every possible comfort and luxury, and who therefore use their cash and credit freely so long as they have any of either. Tens of thousands of mortgages on farms and village homes that have been kept alive and kept their makers awake o' nights have come of too much expenditure in times of prosperity. Now the farmers are said to be taking up their mortgages at a rate never before known, and savings banks deposits are increasing. This is indeed prosperity, and contains the promise of more.

Now is the time for flying-machine and airship men who really mean business and know how to do it. They can get a dollar per pound for carrying freight from the Alaska coast to the Klondyke and at least two hundred dollars per head for carrying men. The actual distance as the crow flies, and therefore as any airship should fly, is not two hundred and fifty miles, there is frequently a southerly breeze to help and the Alaska summer day is very long, so there is big money in the airship business up there—if there really are airships that can be propelled in any manner with any certainty. It is to be hoped that the inventors will be nerved by this opportunity to show what is in them and their contrivances, and not supinely flop and fail as do the clairvoyants and astrologists when they come upon the chance of their lives. The industry of airship companies has been confined largely to getting stock subscriptions; they would be obliged to turn away capital were they to make a successful trip from the coast to the Klondyke and back.



However the new tariff may help or hinder other people, it is certain to give the growers of sugar and tobacco the greatest lift of their lives. Specially lucky agricultural States, therefore, will be Kentucky, Louisiana and Florida although Texas also will get a share of the sugar gain and many States will profit by the higher tobacco duties. There is large money in prospect for farmers who have enough intelligence and patience, as well as the proper soil, to experiment with tobacco, for the finer grades of this most profitable of weeds were never before so high in price or so hard to find, nor is there a freer-handed and more grateful set of purchasers than smokers who find really good domestic stock during the present dearth of the imported article.

A reported discovery of a prehistoric fort in South Dakota need not start anew the old speculations as to a supposed earlier civilized people than the adventurers who came to this country after Columbus made the existence of our country known to Europe. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the French pushed westward from Canada and the Spaniards eastward from the Pacific coast. All trading parties and gold-seekers were under military convoy and control; some that started were never heard of again, and the records of others have not yet been exhumed from the papers of European governments. There were always renegades and other adventurous whites among the Indians of that period, and some of them reached a degree of leadership that enabled them to persuade the natives to accept white men's ways. Aside from all these possibilities, detachments of our own little army have hastily constructed many strong earthworks that were afterward abandoned and forgotten. "Prehistoric" is an unsafe word to apply to any discoveries of human occupation of a land as industriously tramped over as our great West.

From the Pittsburgh coal-mining district comes the odd story that the low wages against which the miners are striking were not made by the "operators," as the controllers of mining are called, but by officials of the miners' own Unions. The tale is told is that they wished to force a strike of the miners employed by the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company, who worked at ten cents below the district "scale" price because their employer, President De Armit, made them unusual concessions; he paid cash instead of company store orders, maintained honest weights, had no limit on mine wagons nor any tricky screens. To starve these men into fellowship the other miners reduced the general wages sixteen cents per ton, assuming that Mr. De Armit would avail himself of his contract right to pay ten cents less than the new rate, in which case his men would be unable to earn living wages. If this story is true, it shows that the coal-miners, like too many other labor unions, have selected their leaders from sorry stuff. Malice works as badly in strikes as in any other business operations.

The way of the "good fellow" who goes wrong seems quite as hard as that of any other transgressor. "Boss" Tweed, of New York Ring notoriety, good-naturedly made scores of other men rich while he was looting the city treasury, but none of them took the pains to keep him out of the reach of the law, and ex-Treasurer "Joe" Bartley of Nebraska is having a similar experience. Not long ago he was the most popular man in the State; he was everybody's friend and everybody used him and his money, but when his enterprises became too numerous for his own pocket to maintain and he put his hand into the State Treasury the State put him into jail and his thousands of beneficiaries stand aloof from his bail-bond. Probably if he were released on bail he would run away and defeat the purposes of the law, but if the men whom he has enriched had any genuine gratitude they wouldn't hesitate for a little thing like that. The poor chap is as friendless as a Congressman or other office-holder who has failed to be re-elected.

Better than any other test ever made of the bicycle as a substitute for the horse in carrying a man and his luggage was the recent wheeling-trip of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry bicycle corps. The soldiers, twenty-three in number, rode from Fort Missoula, Mont., to St. Louis, Mo., a distance of nineteen hundred miles, in forty days, only thirty-five of which were spent on the road, so their average time exceeded fifty miles per day. Each wheel carried, besides its rider, about twenty-five pounds of arms, ammunition, food, extra clothing, etc.; they found no paved roads, but plenty of sand, rock, mud, cactus, high grass and other nuisances peculiar to roads of sparsely settled districts, yet only one man failed to keep up with the party. From all this, it would appear, any man who must travel aside from railway lines may be independent of the horses if he will, and very materially reduce his expenses besides, as well as get over ground faster.

Prosperity sounds a cheering advance-note from Maine, where the Central Railway Company, which controls the largest and almost the only railroad system in the State, has just restored in full the wage rate that was cut in 1893. There is no class except farmers upon which the community is more dependent than the railway employees, nor any class that can do more harm, intentional or otherwise, when it thinks itself unfairly treated and becomes discouraged. Between reduced pay and uncertain pay, due to many kinds of assaults upon the source of the pay, the railway employees have had their full share of hard times in the last four years.

This year's great wheat crop is calling attention anew to the enormous productive capacity of the United States, yet in this respect it is a mere "indication," to use a mining term, of what we may do when all of our land is under cultivation and when demand justifies larger yield of wheat or any other crop. Oregon has just reported her best wheat year, the yield being eighteen million bushels, but at the very low average of fifteen bushels per acre this yield could be obtained from only one-fiftieth of Oregon's area. Kansas rightly rejoices in her crop of sixty million bushels, which at fifteen bushels per acre could be got from less than one-twelfth of the area of the State—a State without forests to be cleared or swamps to be drained. The entire wheat yield of the Union could be equaled by almost any single wheat-growing State,

did the demand justify it. Cotton is regarded as the South's one great staple crop, yet the total average of cotton does not equal the area of the smallest single cotton State after full deduction has been made for mountains, town sites, watercourses and other unavailable land. It is true that wheat and cotton are not our only crops; together they do not occupy one-fourth of the planted area; but after full allowance is made for everything the fact remains that less than half the land east of the Rocky Mountains is under cultivation nor is the planted portion more than half tilled.

The summer lynching season had opened with startling earnestness down South, but there are some indications of reform in Georgia, where a crowd protected an accused man from would-be lynchers and the Governor has issued a stirring address in which he reminds arresting officers that the law allows them to kill any person attempting to take prisoners from them. The Governor reminds the hot-heads of his State that "mob violence does not aid in suppressing lawlessness but increases it. One such mob begets another mob." It would seem that a sense of the ridiculous would be a good thing to cultivate in the lynching States. The severest punishment to which a criminal can be subjected and the most powerful deterring effect upon others comes of the legal trial and public execution to which all of the lynched men (if really guilty) would have been subjected. All this possible effect is prevented by a lynching, of which the only witnesses are men as wholly under the dominion of unreasoning, brutal passion as was their victim when he committed his own crime.

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Is fiction dead? The last issue of the "Westminster Gazette" propounds a query almost identical: to wit, Can a man make a living by writing novels? Five years ago the novelist was affluent and omnipresent. To-day he is infrequent and poor. There is a cause for all things and there is one for this. Four years ago came the like. Presently those who had the leisure to enjoy choice rubbish found that it could be better employed on the wheel. Prior to that time there was a class, numerically enormous, to whom fiction was a necessity. Apart from eating, drinking and sleeping they practically did nothing else but read novels. It was their one occupation. They made the fabulist affluent, prolific and multitudinous. At that time the inhabitants of this country could have been divided in four distinct categories: Those who did not read novels; those who did; those who wrote them; those who both read and wrote them. Times have changed. The bike has helped. So, too, has commercial depression. So, also, has higher culture. People whom the summer novel anchored through long, green afternoons on the summer piazza are now off on their wheels. People who thought nothing of buying a dozen fresh inaneities at a clip, rarely now see the covers of one. People who were satisfied with anything have grown fastidious in the extreme. Tempt them and they will buy as readily as before; but you must tempt them with something very good. Fiction is not dead. It is trash that is defunct. From its ashes the novel of the future will emerge, and it is in the pages of COLLIER'S WEEKLY that you will find it.

Apropos of fiction I am glad to see a new edition of "Paul and Virginia." As a story it is a direct descendant of those of the fathers of romance. The latter had their progenitors, of course. Throughout the length and breadth of the Orient, among Arabs, Egyptians and Syrians, there were always romancers in plenty. For it was not in Spain, as many contend, nor yet in Provence—Provincia Romanorum—that romance had its birth. Its origin was earlier and elsewhere. It began among the Greeks of Asia Minor. The tales they wrote were known as Milesian. There are none of them left to-day. Subsequently in Greece and afterward in Rome there were a number of what we call prominent authors. There was lamblicus, for instance, who wrote "Babylonica," and not in one volume either, or even in three, but in sixteen, as the fashion was then. And there were others—Petronius and Lucian too. But somehow they none of them had the knack of storytelling. It was not until they were all dead and buried that the world discovered what novels are. The fathers were Longus, Heliodorus and Tatius. The latter were both bishops, and the stories they produced are in the nature of episcopal relaxations, alert, unpedantic and strewn with kisses. But it is in the story of "Daphnis and Chloe" which Longus wrote in which the origin of modern fiction may be found. Parchment then was still quite pagan, the stylus had not acquired the pen's ability to blush, ink was bold and passing free. As a consequence Daphnis and Chloe, if true to life are true to a life other than ours. But if you wish to see them reincarnated and revived by the transmutation of ages there they are in the "Paul and Virginia" of Bernardin de St. Pierre.

A gentleman residing in Adrian, Mich., writes that in view of circumstances and conditions it is not possible for him to read as much as he would otherwise like, but that it is a necessity for him to be abreast with the times. As a consequence he has long sought some one paper which would keep him up-to-date and posted on actualities and matters of moment. It is in this WEEKLY, he declares, and in this WEEKLY alone, that his quest has been gratified. I can well believe it. Though it has been said here before yet it may be repeated that while there are reviews which are excellent and periodicals that are tip-top, they are all working on the old lines. They supply views, not news; fiction, not facts. The busy man, and by the same token the busy woman, may enjoy them when on a vacation. It is for that which they are presumably intended, or, if not, then for those whose lives are one long holiday. But for the great mass of people who lack both the time and

the money for random reading, yet to whom, as to this gentleman in Adrian, a paper which briefly yet cogently discusses the topics of the day is a necessity, there is nothing anywhere which fills the bill as adequately as does COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

## HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

XXX.

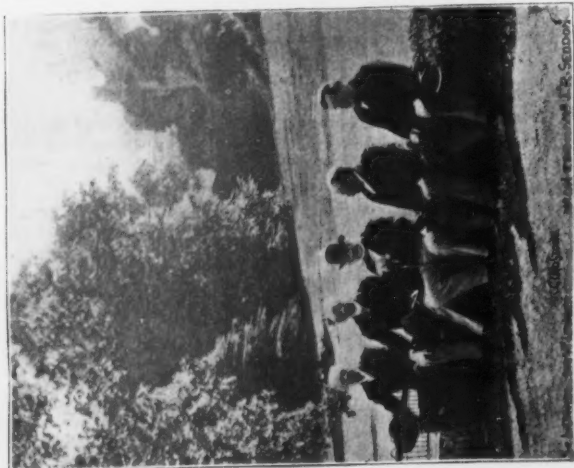
I HAVE several times paused at the point where Broadway enters Union Square, to see the cable-cars come round the curve and kill somebody. I had read of the deadly prowess of these vehicles, but my interest became acute only after I had missed death there once myself, by the skin of my teeth and the timely jerk communicated by one of the men on guard. I wonder what wages those men got. I cannot think of any sum that would have tempted me to accept the appointment. It is stimulating to save a fellow-creature's life once or twice in one's career; but to do it five hundred times a day must wear one's nervous system pretty thin, to say nothing of the constant strain on the attention. The temper of these particular life-savers must suffer, too. The people they save are always such idiots. Take my own case for example. I deliberately stepped from the place of safety to that of death, and was complacently standing there, awaiting Heaven driving headlong at me a score of yards distant. It was within five yards before my guardian saw me and it, and gave me the invaluable jerk aforesaid. I looked at him; he did not return the look; had he done so he would have been unable to resist the temptation to give me my fitting title. But there were others—ladies especially. The latter uniformly waited until death was in full swoop, and then made their rush straight for it, and resisted with all their might being snatched from the jaws thereof. Why is it that women, who in their own drawing-rooms can look a hundred ways at once, can look one way only when they have death-curves to cross, and always the way that is wrong? When we really understand their limitations, we shall build elevated sidewalks for them in all our cities, with bridges across from shop to shop, and never risk them on solid earth at all. They are too precious and too silly.

At Death Curve the most dangerous point of the railroad happened to be identical with the most congested of the crossings. In no city but an American one—perhaps in no other but this one—would such a state of things be tolerated a week. All manner of cures were promised, and for several years nothing was done. Had I been Czar of America I would have caused the company, while they were getting ready to invent a mechanical device, to push the cars round the curve by hand, and would have charged them a hundred dollars per car for the delay to traffic. When anybody was killed I would have hanged a director, or sent him South to be lynched. But we are a free Republic; so we waited until the company was good and ready (I suppose they knew how many scalps they wanted), and then we got the present system, of which I understand nothing except that it enables or compels the cars to go slow round that curve. But people will be killed nearly as often, for the speed of the cars was not the only danger; the fact that the tracks are built on a curve, and that you cannot tell the difference between being between two pair of them and being between the two rails of one pair is the most efficient cause of these murders. There ought not to be any cable-car crossings on the level, any more than steam-car crossings; what is the difference? For that matter, the whole system of modern city streets is barbarous and homicidal, and there is no reason why it should be so; we are inventive and scientific enough to make it safe. There is much discussion about bicycle rights just now, and as bicycling is one of the public's amusements, some efforts are really making to protect it. But the civilization which permits drays and heavy wagons on the same streets with pedestrians and light vehicles is not civilized. Accidents should not be avoided by the personal heedfulness of drivers; they should be wholly impossible. This is not a counsel of perfection; it is human rights in their most elementary form.—A friend of mine said to me the other day that the cable-road company ought to be thanked for having made that modification at Death Curve. That shows to what a level we have degraded ourselves. I would rather advise that, now they have shown what they can do, we should put them in jail for not having done it years ago.

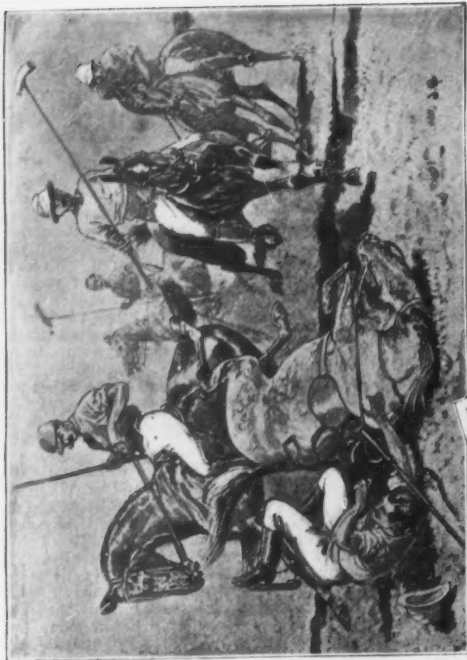
But we give dispatch of business the call over everything else, human life included. The people who are making money do not mind making it at the risk of their fellowmen's lives. If they were given the choice of making money at peril of their own lives, or not making it, and chose the former alternative, no one would complain. The trouble is, it is their brother and not they who pay the piper. But, would they but realize it, they pay for others' piping. Why not stop killing one another all round? The development of business has quite outstripped development in other ways essential to making business safe. The same old streets that served our purpose generations ago, with one-tenth our present traffic, are made to do duty still. Buildings are carried to the clouds, but the crevices called streets between them are left as they were. The reason is that the buildings are private concerns, whereas the streets are public ones—that is, nobody's concern at all. A street should be at least as wide as the tallest building on it. People on foot and people in vehicles should never be obliged to move on the same level. I say nothing here about the chronic disembowelment of our thoroughfares, or about the inhuman uproar and racket which make New York the most intolerable city in the world. We are all of one mind about those abuses, except the contractors and those who sell contracts. There is no reason why city streets should not be as silent as drawing-rooms and as fresh as greenhouses. But let the two other little reforms first be made; for a man running for his life is not in the best condition to consider aesthetic refinements. They come in a serene mood.



THE TREACHERY IN  
THE TOLU VALLEY  
THE FIRST ATTACK  
ON THE CAMP



MR GLADSTONE AND THE COLONIAL PREMIERS



POLO PLAYERS IN A PREDICAMENT



CAPT SPEEDY INTERPRETER



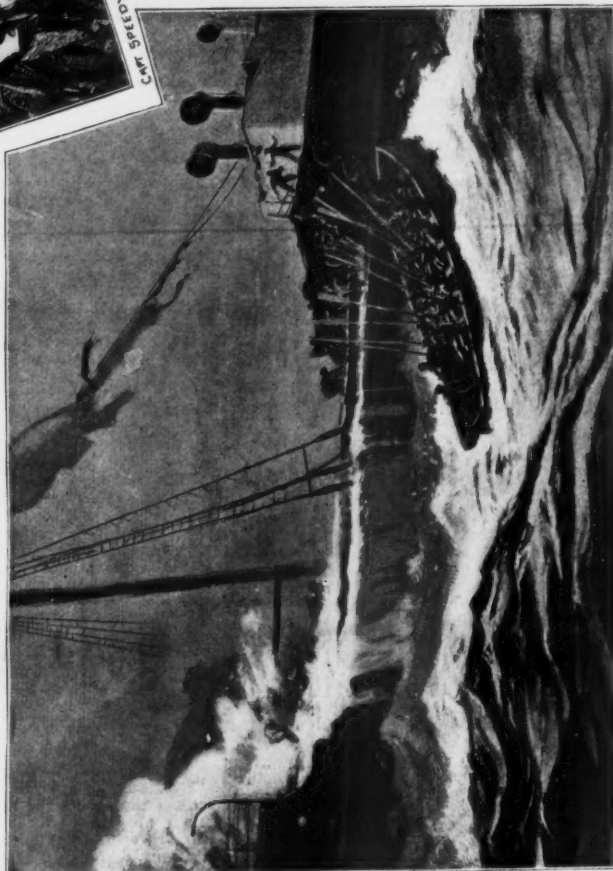
KING MENEUK



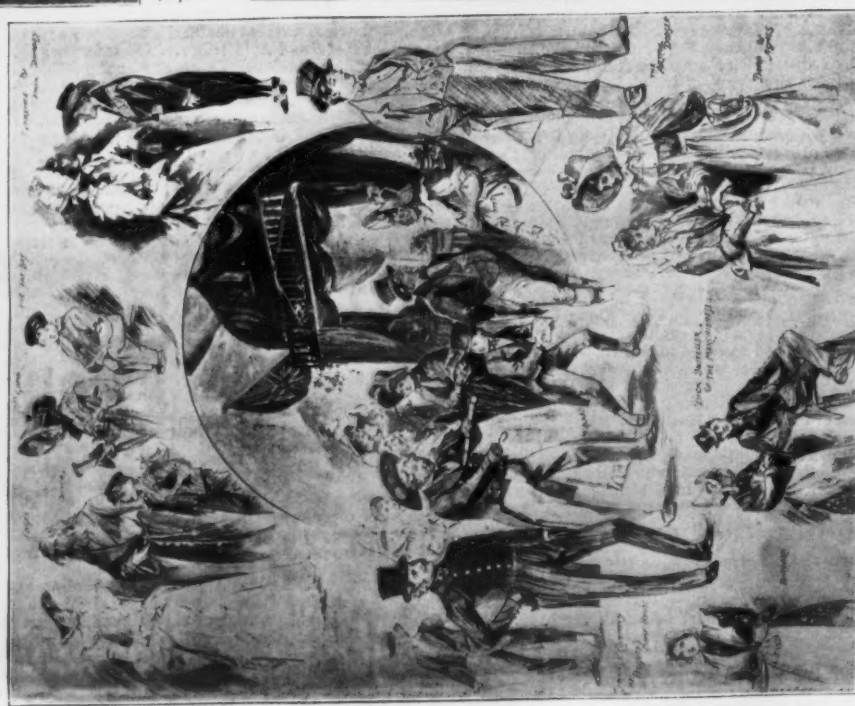
THE ITALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY NEAR HARRAR



ABYSSINIAN GIRLS



THE CUTTER OF THE SS "MAYO" TAKING OFF THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECKED SS "ADEN"



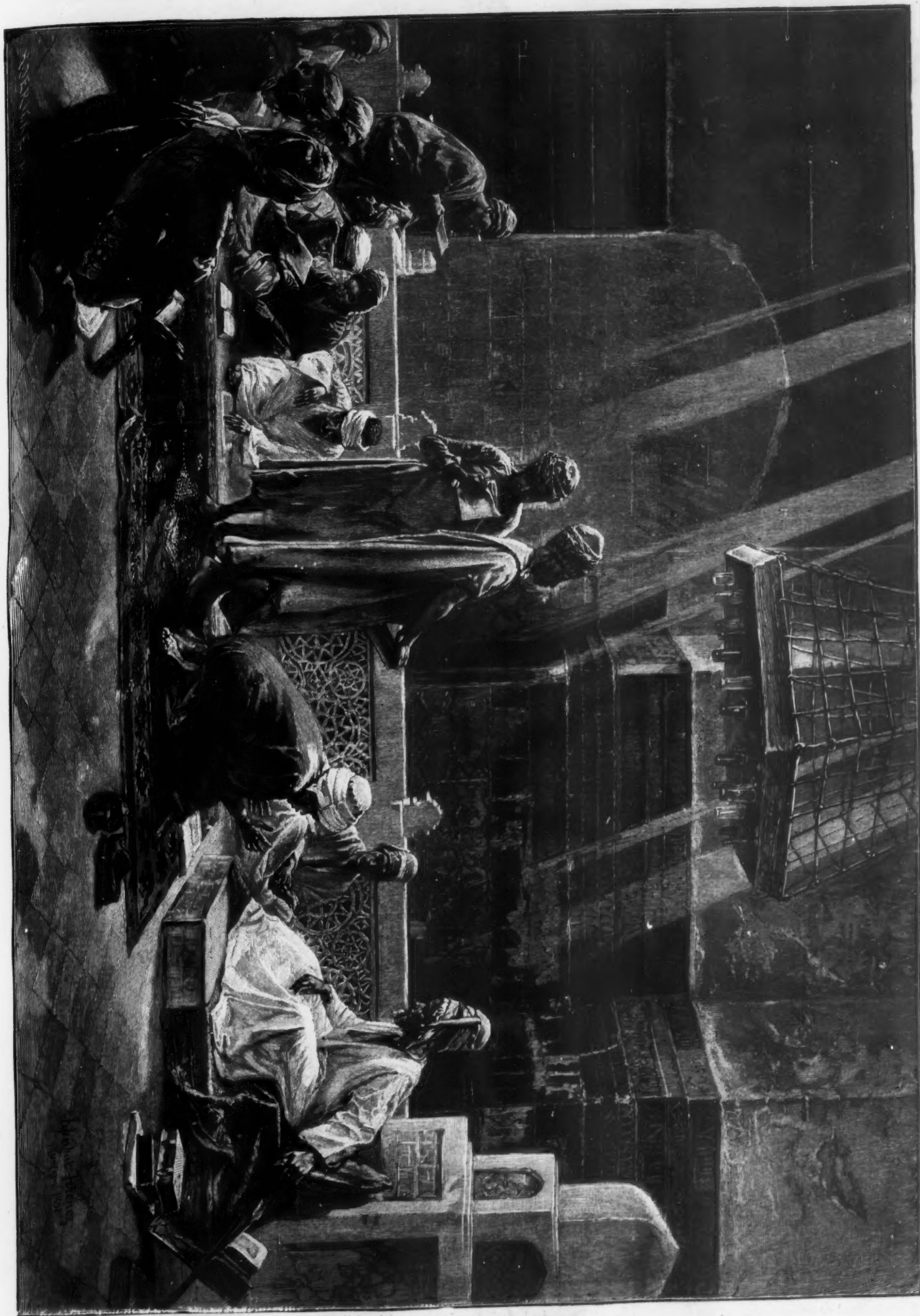
THE CHARLES DICKENS' FETE AT BROADSTAIRS ENGLAND

SOME FOREIGN PICTURES OF INTEREST.



SOME FOREIGN PICTURES OF INTEREST.

A HIGH SCHOOL IN ARABIA.





AMÉLIE RIVES.

(This Serial will be completed in three installments, of which this is the first.)

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## DAMSEL ERRANT,

BY AMÉLIE RIVES.

Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "Virginia of Virginia," "Amodeus," "Story of Arvon," etc., etc.

### I

I, who have taken upon me this dear and gracious task, do count myself unworthy so great a privilege, saving in two things. First, that no man, whatever else his merit, could be as closely bound, both by duty and affection, unto the noble house of Savaré; second, that, through the bounty of an all-wise Providence, I was blessed, for five and thirty years, with the regard, confidence and friendship of that most royal woman—she in whose honor I have collated the following papers—the Lady Yovanne, Demoiselle de Savaré.

This lady was only child of that renowned chevalier, the Sieur Blaize de Savaré, he who won the victory, in no less than three hand-to-hand encounters, with the Wild Boar of Ardennes. I speak with authority, having been present in the flesh, on one occasion, and having heard of the others from no less a one than my own father.

A goodlier, more heartening sight, quoth he, man never saw than the old knight, full of a holy rage, and firm on his legs as any stripling, fronting that black-browed, black-souled churl, with a dancing light, that was almost merry, in his flame-blue eyes; but his mouth set grimly like the mouth of a man dead in the battle-wrath.

'Twas only by the spells of his dear gossip, the Evil One himself, that the Wild Boar came not to a too honorable death at the hands of the stanch old warrior; but it so chanced that he was spirited away, each time, ere the *coup de grace* could be given, by certain of his followers, whom the Sieur Blaize stoutly maintained, ever after, to have been minions of Satan in disguise.

'Twas from her sire that the Lady Yovanne had her beauty, although her mother, born Countess de Trac, was more than passing fair—one of those wand-like, dusk-haired, dusk-skinned women, whose black eyes dream and drowse, like woodland tams, and have a soft weariness, even in their laughter. But Yovanne was very tall, and fashioned both for grace and strength. Her shoulders had the sweep of a falcon's wings, when it poises in mid-air, ere dropping on the quarry, and she moved joyously, with an under-spring of pride in her long gait.

In her eyes, which were very deep and splendid and imperial, burned the blue fire of her race, and to watch

the gleaming of her hair about her forehead was to think of flame and moonlight. In truth, there was a sort of radiance about her, past describing; but well do I recall times when sparks of light seemed shaken from her eyes and hair; when her cheek burned with a white rage, as of inner flame, and her dilating form took on so furious a glare of wrathful splendor, that she became, as it were, blinding in her beauty. She was by nature more the warrior than the maid, and excelled above most striplings in all manly sports, being able to swing even a broadsword and flourish *le moulinet* with the skillfullest, while, as for archery, the Maid-Goddess herself might well have waxed jealous, on seeing how she handled both long and cross-bow. So proud was she, moreover, that, had she lived in those days, the angel Lucifer would sure have chosen her for his wife, from among the daughters of men. And right ill would he have fared, since naught in heaven or earth caused her so to jeer and scoff, as did the mention of that love which man feels for maid, and maid for man; and was she in melancholic mood, one had but to sing or to relate a Romance of true lovers, to have her straightway merry. At such tales, she laughed with better spirit than ere she laughed at the antics of the Spanish dwarf, her page.

Rosalys de Vallon, her best-loved friend, was her opposite in most things. Small was she, and of slender shape; her motions those of willow boughs in a soft wind, her hair dim and full of purplish shadows, as of violets in twilight, her voice fresh and gladsome as the voice of a little burn among the rushes.

Yet despite the air of tender joy that clung about her, like its perfume to a flower, she never laughed out clear and loud, as did the Lady Yovanne. With both her little hands she could have lifted a broadsword to her breast, while for all the jewels in the crown she would not have taken the jewel of his life from any creature, large or small, that flew or scampered.

But despite their unlikeness, nay rather because of it, perchance, the love with which they loved each other was most clear and deep and strong, so that they would have died most gladly, the one for the other, counting it but a little thing.

From their childhood they had been together, growing thus to the full flower of maidenhood, side by side, lovely in difference, even as a dark regal rose and a delicate wild lily might blow together, yet each retain its own essential perfume.

Now each damsel was the only daughter of a widowed sire, but the Countess Rosalys had a brother, and she did love him most utterly, with the exquisite love of a sister who is a maid. Moreover, her love for him was as the woof, to which her love for Yovanne was as the warp. And even as they were wedded in her heart, so did she pray that they might be wedded, in the sight of God and man. By night she dreamed of it, and by day, whenever she spoke not, it was all her thought.

At this time of which I write, Rosalys had not beheld her brother for nigh unto three years, but on the morrow he was to return, and as she walked with her friend, along a terrace that overhung the Loire, she gave speech to the joy that was within her.

"Ay, think o't, sweetheart," saith she, "after three years, to hold him, and to feel he is mine own. Dear Christ! 'tis a joy to set one's wits a roving. I would thou had'st a like joy in thy life."

Whereat, Yovanne, taking 'twixt thumb and finger the pretty chin of Rosalys, laughed somewhat.

"These be lover's words, sweet friend," saith she; "an thou speakest thus of a brother, what would'st thou of a husband? Thy little heart is like a live torch in

thy breast, and thy words are sparks!" Then, laughed she, a second time, the more merrily, because that there had come a soft red into her friend's face, and—as it ever is with those who are not themselves quick wounded—she saw not the hurt that she had made, but moved blithely, a song bubbling in her white throat, her lips closed but smiling, the dark-blue of her eyes shot o'er with flecks of paler azure from the sun-washed sky. But suddenly there came from her a little cry, breaking her soft song, and she stepped back to watch the flight of a heron that rose from some reeds far below.

"Pasques-Dieu!" cried she; "would that Bonne-et-Belle were on my wrist! Was ever so fair a chance for good sport sent a-begging!"

Naught said Rosalys, but, in her heart, right glad was she that the fair heron had winged forth, sans a falcon's talons in its breast. Also, it came upon her, that her friend joyed not in her joy, nor so much as made pretense of sharing it. And watching her, she said within her heart: "She could be cruel!" Then, after a little, still gazing on Yovanne, "Ay, even to those she loveth. 'Tis in the peak of her upper lip, and the straightness of her brows."

As she looked, there came great tears, blotting out those straight brows, and that lifted upper lip, so red, so curt, so careless-gay. On her cheek she felt the hot, salt drops, heavy and rolling fast, so that she was angered at her own weakness, and turned quickly, leaning far out, over the parapet, and gazing down as upon something curious in the river.

Then came Yovanne, with no inkling of her sad humor, and lay an arm about the maiden's neck, and pressed down her cheek upon the cheek of Rosalys. But feeling it all wet she started back, crying:

"What's this, sweetheart? What's this?"

Rosalys would have that 'twas naught, but her eyes trembled down from her friend's eyes, like scared doves from a falcon, while Yovanne, having taken the little face into both her strong, fair hands, gazed, wondering, at the tears which welled forth, ever faster and faster, from beneath the quivering eyelids.

"Nay, now! Nay, now, sweeting! Nay, now, ladybird!" was all that she could think to say, toning down her rich voice to the lulling note of an old wife who babbles to a child. Suddenly she gave a great sigh, as of one helpless, and the look of puzzled woe that she cast about her was the more comic that it was so tragic.

"Holy St. Hubert!" saith she. "Here am I, a maid myself, in a very man's pickle over another maid's tears!"

At this, Rosalys began to laugh, and Yovanne, thinking that all was well again, fetched her a smart clap on the shoulder, as she had been a boy. And, "That's well!" cries she. "That's well!" And stands nodding and smiling, for all the world as feckless as a male-thing, who thinks that a girl hath ceased to weep because she laughs, and that a cheery manner is the best kerchief for drying a woman's tears. Ah, certes! though she will ever be denying it, unto this very day, she had aye a goodly pinch of manhood in the stuff of heart and mind. 'Twas my fancy, and still is, that the Angel of Life, having a male and female soul to dispose of, on her birthday, did get confused, being in great haste for some reason, and shifted back and forth in his mind, as one shall see two people, at a crossing, dance from side to side, each hindering, where they would help, the other; till at the last, there being no time to spare, he slipped into my lady's fair body the soul meant for her neighbor's son.

Right well can I picture her, as she looked then, with Rosalys, all dis-



traught and doing all a-gley, as though her big heart rapped pity against a doublet rather than against a woman's dainty bodice.

Ay, so well she played the man, that there came on her finally a gust of wrath, just such a flaw as flicks a man's wit from his head, as 'twere his bonnet, because seeing the tears fall and fall, and ne'er a reason for them found or given. This sting of wrath firing her, "God's patience!" cries she, "for mine is clean gone! Why dost thou laugh and weep together? And why is it that I feel a wretch and guilty, and as though I had set thee a-crying, when I have done naught?" And, with that, she gives Rosalys a little jerk, holding her by both arms, and "Have done!" she cries. "Have done! Thou hast me sad and vexed and fearful, all at the same time; ay, and shamed, as though I had cuffed thee, and—"

But at this point, needs must Rosalys slip in a word, as it had been a sword's point.

"Cuff me then," saith she, "since thou'rt so minded." And, ceasing straightway, both from tears and laughter, she thrust a sullen lip, and fixed the other, with wrath-black eyes. Whereon, this did Yovanne confess, a long while afterward, so fane was she to follow out this bidding that she drove her finger-nails clean into her palm with the strain after self-mastery. And she locked her teeth, and spoke words of wrath behind them. "Thou art a silly wench," saith she, "and a cruel! But I thank thee for one thing, and that is, that thou'st let me know thee as thou art—albeit so late in the day of our friendship." And on this sentence she strangled a little, but recovered sufficient calm to add: "I will not forget."

With this she swung away, so light and fierce, because of the injustice done her by her best-loved friend, that there seemed wings of flame at her heels.

Nor was her anger the less, that she knew not with exactness wherefore she was angry.

As she went, she laughed, a little, savage laugh, speaking aloud as to one invisible: "Now am I more than ever at a loss concerning this 'love,' of which they sing and tell!"

She laughed again, and the high, metal-clear notes struck on the heart of Rosalys, as though each one had been a pebble from a sling. But she could not hear the words, only that Yovanne was speaking. What she saith was in this wise:

"No, ma foi! For an I were a man, and yon girl my lady-love, an' did she use me then as she hath just used me—as I live! I would be sore tempted to wring her pretty head from her pretty neck!" (But here a great sob wrenched her.) "And we, who were as one," she saith, her voice deep and shaken, "we . . . so knit together, soul and body, in love . . . from our cradles . . . we—"

Again her voice shook and broke, but this time she ended with another laugh, and her fierce brows came down, and in her eyes the blue fire spun to violet.

"Certes, there is murder in this love!" she muttered, "whether of maid for maid, or maid for man!"

At this turn in her thoughts, there came bouncing out upon the terrace a round, scarlet thing, as it had been a huge, ruddy apple, cast by a giant hand; but reaching the feet of Yovanne, it stood erect, disclosing the droll, shrewd-eyed visage of her Spanish dwarf. She, being in no mood for smiling, put a kind hand upon his black locks, and bent upon him her grave eyes.

"Whence comest, little pest?" saith she. "And what art thou craving?"

"From love of thee come I, dear lady, and I crave to see thee glad."

"Thy wit is nimble as thy legs," saith she, somewhat astonished at the fashion of his speech. "There is even wisdom in't. Who told thee I was not glad?"

"The heart is aye the best teacher of the mind," the little man made answer. "I love thee, my dear lady. 'Tis easy learning where we love."

"Then tell me wherewith to cure my sadness."

"When that the weak offend the strong, the strong should be the first to give the kiss of pardon."

Then was Yovanne right royally angered, and the blue light spun and splintered in her glance.

"So thou hast peeped and eaves-dropped, Manikin?" saith she. "'Twas not well done!"

"Nay," answered he, "unless to hearken when the mind and heart hold speech together be to eavesdrop, and to read my lady's eyes be to peep!"

The blue fire smoldered down to gray, and 'twas with a smiling lip that she next spoke.

"Thou art a deep rogue and a wise, my little gossip," saith she. "And almost I am tempted to follow thine advice. Yet—" And here she paused, and sent a swift glance down the terrace toward Rosalys, who was now crouching on the grass, her face hidden in her hands. She was but a little thing, a crescent-moon of maidenhood, as 'twere.

"The pretty lady, I fear me she is somewhat weak!" murmured the dwarf, his black eyes very gentle. Then, lifting them to his lady's face:

"How fair and bright and strong thou art, my dear, dear lady!" cried he. "To look upon thee is to doubt death, so much and gloriously art thou alive to the least strand of gold upon thy head!"

"Wherefore speakest thou of 'death,' little gossip?" saith she, a trouble growing in her dark eyes. "'Tis an ill word to speak in sunlight! 'Death!' Ay, 'tis an evil word. It hath a color of its own—a grimy, greenish, blackish hue! Why did'st name it, little warrior?"

"To muse upon strength and weakness doth ever bring such thoughts, fair mistress!"

"But my friend . . . but the Damsel yonder, she is not weak . . . save in proportion to her body. . . I have never known her ill. . ."

"She hath the look of one ill to-day, dear lady."

"How! What say'st thou, Jose? 'Ill?' Nay, she sulks, tho' for what I know not, nor she either, ma foi! But she hath no sickness."

"Hath she not? Then all's well. To me, she hath about her every token of a great sickness."

Then went his mistress whiter, in a heart-beat, than the string of pearls about her throat, and she gave a smothered cry, keeping ever her eyes fixed upon Rosalys, who, with her face still hidden, swayed where she sat, like a wind-flower broken in the wind.

The dwarf, watching Yovanne, smiled with a sweet slyness.

On a sudden, she gripped him, her gaze still fixed upon her friend. "Tell me . . . quick!" she saith, her breath catching on the sharp words. "Quick, lad! . . . What tokens? What sickness? . . . What sickness? And if so . . . what cure?"

The little Spaniard answered softly: "Love-sickness, dear lady . . . the cure, a kiss, to be given ere asked for."

Then rushed that royal maid, like a very love storm, and catches Rosalys to her breast, giving her, not one, but twenty, kisses. And "Thank me not!" saith she. "Thank me not! Nor call me such fond names; for, to speak truly, thou elf, thou witch, thou puz-

zle! right near came I to giving thee that cuff thou wot of!" And then, "Oh, Rosalys!" she cries, in thrilling tones, drawn from the utmost depths of her deep heart. "Oh, Rosalys, my pretty Rosalys, why did'st thou use me so?"

But the answer that she received did but crown this puzzle, lord and monarch of all puzzles since time began; for, quoth Rosalys, "'Twas for my brother's sake I was angered. Oh, I was most wicked to thee! But 'twas not on mine own behalf. And I will crave thy pardon on my knees. Yes, on my knees!" cries she. And would have got upon them, then and there, had not Yovanne checked her; for she was sore ashamed, and deep in earnest, continuing to sob and to call herself ill names for a long while afterward. So that Yovanne was at her wit's ends and like to wax wroth again, for sheer bewilderment.

Now this, their first and last quarrel, Yovanne did ne'er fully understand, maintaining always that upon that morning an evil spirit got possession of the body of Rosalys, and did thus torment them both, till exorcised by love.

But to her brother, many years after it befell, Rosalys did set forth that which was in her mind, on that occasion, and which, she solemnly declared to have been the cause of her most strange behavior. "'Twas that I had cherished, from childhood, as my dearest hope—the hope of thy marriage with Yovanne. So that, when I saw her so careless of thy coming, and so heedless of my joy in thy return, I seemed to see her flouting thee, and making a mock of thy love, even unto me!"

As it fell, however, this pretty quarrel was much in advance of the lag-gard who had caused it, for Loys de Vallon came not till the following week, and then, not at the hour fixed on.

But so impatient was Rosalys to share with her friend both joy and brother, that she would brook no ceremony, and dragged him, all travel-stained as he was, to Savaré, where they found Yovanne already mounted for the chase.

'Twas three full years since I had last seen her (for I, who write, am Loys de Vallon).

Now beauty is a plant of such strange growth, that the maiden of fifteen may lie down homely, to rise, on the morrow, fair as some flower that hath blossomed in the night; for there is a beauty of the foliage and another beauty of the flower, and to this latter graciousness had Yovanne attained, during those three years of our separation.

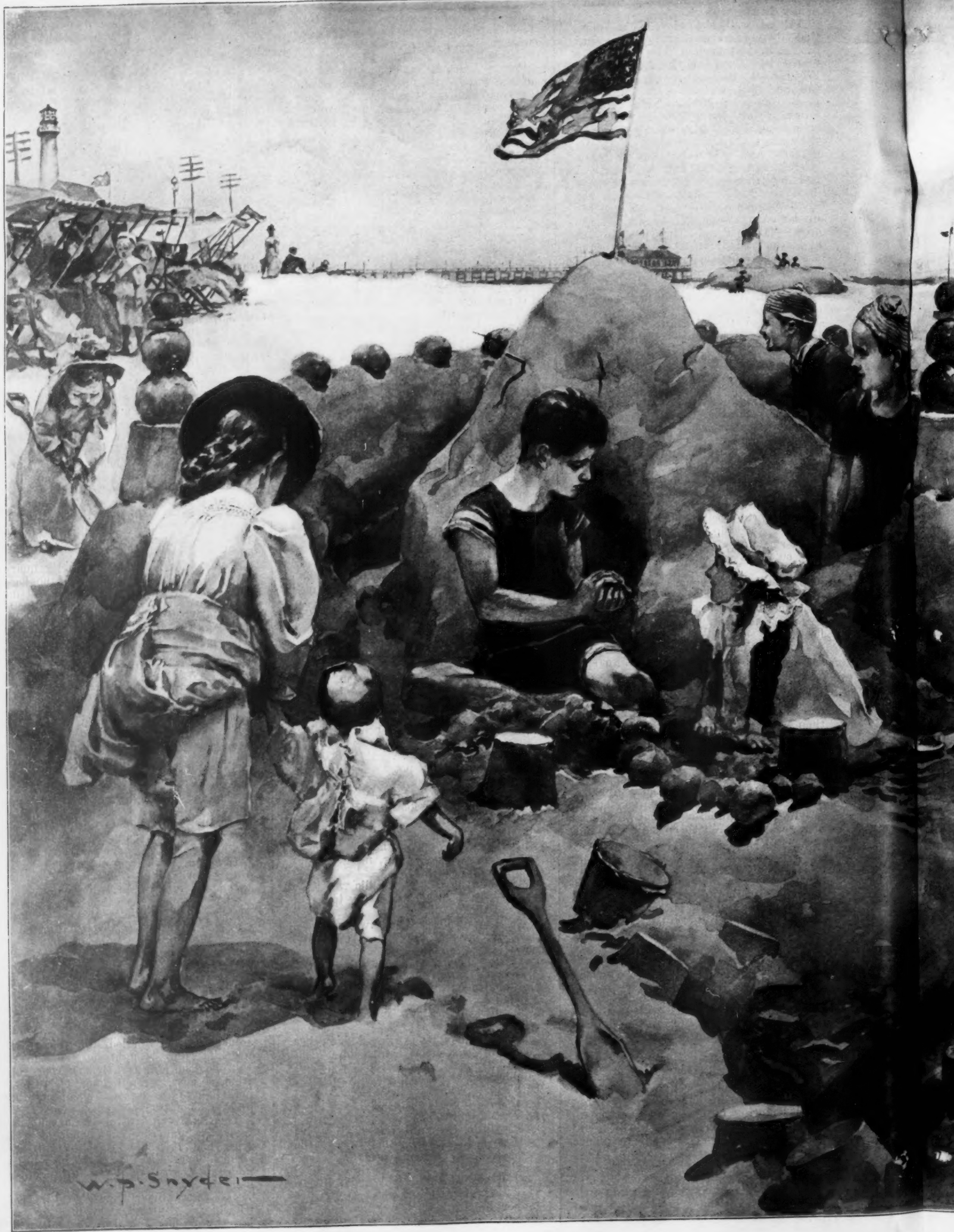
In her green hunting-dress, all a-flicker with glancing lights, she seemed verily to shine like a clear leaf against the westering sun. But that flower, her face, to what earth-blossom shall I liken it? Here, in very truth, was the Rose of all the World blooming on that slender stem of maidenhood.

Her horse, a splendid, fretful beast, the color of her tresses, chafed and wanted with his trappings, as though the hunting-frenzy ran in fire through his bossed veins. And now his shining forefeet struck the air, and now he crouched and wheeled till the mere watching him brought on a dizziness. But she rode him as a bubble rides the wind, so sure, so light, laughing to feel her slight form swayed about by the great golden brute.

Then growing grave, on a sudden, she takes him in one hand, as the reins had been the ribbon of a pet spaniel, and, thrusting her boar-spear under one arm, reaches out the other hand to me.

"Welcome, Sieur Loys," saith she, "I will not say that thou hast grown, lest thy pride catch fire; or, rather, I will say so with a difference: for, if thou hast not grown upward, thou hast

(Continued on page 10.)







surely added a cubit to thy stature, crosswise, as it were."

I was about to answer this sally, in like fashion, when her horse, wheeling suddenly, offered me so near a view of his heels that I slipped aside, nimbly enough, I make no doubt; for, at this proof of my agility, she fell into such a rapture of mocking glee that a pang of dread, on her behalf, shot through me, skewering my heart to my ribs and making me cry out:

"Have a care, have a care!" saith I; "that pretty pet of thine hath a devil!"

"Where? On his back?" saith she, pursing an amazed brow, for my benefit; then, in an eye-blink, bubbling over again with spritish glee.

Now I was no self-set-up cockeril to wax tetchy o'er a jest at my own expense, but there was a lack of reason in this mad-like laughter of hers that irked my man's sense of logic, and, spite of all I could do, I felt my face growing stiff and my eyes chilling in my head; "for," quoth I to my heart, "a smiling welcome is aye a good welcome, but to be greeted, after a three years' absence, with such a ding-dong-bell of laughter strikes a kind of frost through the blood." So I stood eying her, a half-smile on my lips for which I would have trounced another man, had he so looked on Rosalys, and as my merry Amazon drew near again, her steed quivering but obedient, saith I: "Never knight in tournament rode better or more boldly! Chere demoiselle, thou hast a man's way with a horse!"

That was the first time since her childhood that I saw her angered. Down came the noble black brows over those blue eyes of hers, and she answered haughtily:

"You had received a statelier welcome, believe me, *Sieur Loys de Vallon*, had I been apprised beforehand of your arrival, and the honor which you have done me in this, your speedy presence at Savaré. My ignorance in the matter must plead for me."

But at this point in her scornful speech the fiery horse, peevisish from long restraint, reared straight as a man stands, so that 'twas sickening to look upon.

Ere I could lay hand on him, however, she had brought down her heavy spear between his ears, so that he swerved, crouching as in terror, and the sweat broke out upon him, turning his gold gloss to bronze. She spoke to him through locked teeth, her lips blanched with anger.

"*Tête de Dieu!*" cried she, her voice deep and choked with rage. "Think'st thou I am to be played with, because I love thee and use thee kindly, and speak soft words to thee? Thou shalt learn thy lesson, once for all!" cried she, and, with that, down came the spear again, making a streak like diamonds through the sun-washed air.

'Twas a fearsome, and a glorious sight; the maid, so slimly fashioned, yet so strong, her hot soul in her eyes, her countenance white flame; courage in every string of mind and body! The royal beast, no less wrathful, no less courageous, yet fighting vainly against the white hand that seemed wrought of adamant; his crest curved to submission, despite the red rage in his nostrils, and the lather churning from his great jaws.

Her plumed hat fell from her head with his wild leaping, her hair was shaken about her brow, and the sunshine on her sword and on her spear, and on the gold of the trappings, made horse and rider seem ablaze.

I was dumb for her beauty and daring, although it irked me sore that a woman's hand should deal such blows to any living thing.

While that I was still turning this thought over, about and about in my mind, there rode up beside us a tiny creature on a white jennet, all tricked

out in gold and scarlet. His head seemed no bigger than a winter apple, his legs like flower-stalks, and a maid's garter would have amply girdled him. His great, dark eyes were full of mischief as a tame monkey's, but his mouth was wondrous solemn. Cocked all to one side, he wore a scarlet bonnet, with a white plume, and his black locks hung thick and elfish about his face.

When he was come near enough, the *Demoiselle de Savaré* tossed him her spear, which he caught with much dexterity, though it nearly felled him from his little steed; then, turning to Rosalys and me, she saith:

"I cry you patience, fair friends, but this mad imp knows me not, e'en after a twelve month of cuffs and comfits. *Sieur Loys*, I have just bethought me that you might find it in your humor to ride a-hunting on so blithe a day? I have another horse as 'twere made to your measure. Will you ride, *Sieur Loys*?"

She combed out her steed's fine mane with her long fingers, awaiting my answer; and pulled, here and there, a buckle into place; for, to speak the truth, I was somewhat tardy in responding to this courteous invitation, being dressed for riding but not for hunting.

While I hesitated, Rosalys broke in, as she was ever doing from that hour, and nigh always to the confusion of the very thing she would have furthered! 'Tis a curious fact, but a true, that people wed in spite of matchmakers oftener than because of them.

"He hangs back because of his attire, *Yovanne!*" cried Rosalys, and laughed. "Yet they will be aye telling us that 'tis women only who care for such fripperies."

Whereon she fell again to laughing; and *Yovanne* struck in, with deep-toned notes, as of a golden bell rung by the wind.

I replied, when that my voice could make itself heard, with much useless majesty, explaining that the sole cause of my seeming churlishness lay in my desire to observe toward the gracious *châtelaine* of Savaré, at all times and under all circumstances, homage the most profound, the most sincere, the most punctilious.

"Which *Abracadabra* oration," flashed forth the *châtelaine* herself, forestalling the sonorous eloquence with which I had thought to wind up my fine speech, "which thundering and lightning of tempestuous language (you will note that I myself have a certain bent toward oratory), which pothor of big phrases and many-footed words, is but he peroration to this plain work-a-day-statement: I care not to ride a-hunting in unsuitable attire. Nay, now!" (for I was scowling with all my heart in the performance)—"fret not like a colt over his first bridle, but better me that good serviceable sentence of mine an you can, *Sieur Loys de Vallon!*"

## II.

The end of all this was, that I availed me of her courtesy, and another horse was brought forth, a creature fierce and beautiful, with flickering nostrils and crest bent like a bow.

Now if the *Demoiselle* sought to try my mettle, her test was sufficient, for no sooner was I in the saddle than the brute came nearer to flying than did ever creature without wings.

But he had found his match; and as we rode forth neck-and-neck, me seemed the look that *Yovanne* cast upon me, from time to time, had less of mockery in it. My regard, however, was bent upon the way ahead of us, so that I seemed not to notice her; for 'tis but the folly of minstrels that would have the world deem only women capable of seeing other things than those they gaze upon!

As we rode we talked, in careless fashion, and I was at much pains to eye her coolly, as men eye men; but this seemed not to vex her, as 'twould have vexed a vainer or a warmer woman; rather she seemed to like me more because of it.

In this wise came we to the forest and found the hounds just about to throw off. Now, when they were well away, and our two stallions speeding after, neck and neck, as 'twere, beating back the ground behind them, I could not but glow for the fashion in which she sat her horse. In her dawn-blue eyes, there shone a light fixed and eager, such as would become a soldier rather than a maid. Thus *Brünhilde* must have looked, with the warflame in her eyes, and to my heart quoth I:

"Were such eyes to kindle at the touch of love, what man might withstand them? 'Tis the fire in which souls shrivel or come forth transmuted."

But no sooner had this mushroom thought sprung up within me than I mowed it down with the double-edged blade of ungenerous judgment. "Far more suiting were it," so mused I, "that her proud breast should beat against a corselet of good steel than against the breast of a lover. Those firm hands of hers manage her courser and wield her spear more ably, aye more willingly, than they would caress the brow of him who loved her." And I wondered as to the manner of man who might yield his fealty to such a maiden; for the strong are drawn to the weak, even as God to man; and I had dreamed from boyhood of a tender, field-flower maid, whose tears my lips should drink and whose fears should be banished by my courage.

So I hardened my heart, as I rode on beside her, noting the buoyant poise of her young body; the power in her supple throat; the boyish curtness of her locks. Her haughty look stirred up false pride in me, clouding the well-spring of the spirit, and in my doltish soul I cried: "*Sancta Maria!* I thank thee that my little sister is not as this maiden is, to ride and rage and swear, like a hot boy!"

Now the ardor of the chase had gotten hold upon her, both mind and body, so that, for her, was naught save hounds and boar and the keen lust of killing; when, suddenly, behold! the hunt veered to the left, I with them. 'Twas like as though my steed were winged of heel—a very *Pegasus!* He bore me onward, as the wind a perfume! I had no yea nor nay in that mad flight, and when my headstrong charger deigned to moderate his pace, lo! hounds and Spanish dwarf and valiant lady—all had vanished!

Drawing rein, in great wonderment, I looked about me. My steed also cast anxious glances to right and left, but furtively, with sideward head and ears that asked questions as plain as they had been human tongues. If ever dumb thing felt its guilt, and was shamed by it, 'twas that madcap courser whose stiff will and supple limbs had brought us to grief. He sighed and sweated and changed from leg to leg, for all the world as though his conscience were a chestnut burr, set 'twixt back and saddle. So presently I turned him about, with a smart slap on the withers, and—"Thou'rt in the right this time, thou imp," quoth I, "for 'twas thy wrongdoing got us in this pickle. Now get us out of it an thou'rt able!"

At that he snorted, precisely after the fashion a man will cry "*Ahem!*" when caught in error, and darted back upon his own traces, like a May-mad stag.

As we were speeding, lo! a hound bayed deep within the forest to our right, and it came upon me, in a thought-whiff, that both myself and the other huntsmen were on a false track, the scent having been crossed by a sounder, at the point whereat all turned to the left. So, smiling in spite of my



most natural wrath, I spurred toward the lappice of the old hound, and in my heart I smiled, saying: "Tis as wise a huntress as very Dian, but methinks this Dian had flayed Sir Acteon, where t'other gave him a deer-hide, in the stead of his natural covering!"

But, even as these pert musings frothed up within me, I came upon an opening in the dense greenery, and, behold, my goddess dismounted, short-sword in hand, and making ready to rush upon a boar of monstrous size and fierceness.

"Hold, 'tis death!" I shouted or tried to shout, for my throat seemed full of my own tongue and my spear limp as a grass-blade. Ere I could charge, however, the Spanish manling hurtled from his steed and dashed in between her and the furious beast, his mimic weapon brandished right doughtily. 'Twas a strange game and a pretty, albeit Death held the stakes and grinned, thinking them certes his own.

Now as it chanced, the little antic's courage came near to losing both him and the mistress he adored, for, his foot slipping, down goes he under the boar's very snout.

I was out of saddle and with her in a twink; but not before she had flung her light body in front of the dwarf, shielding him with her own life, as a she-eagle her chick.

The huge brute charged down upon us, jostling me and casting her to earth, where he rent her cymar with his foamy tusks. But ere he could turn and wound her I pinned him with my spear, and drawing my short-sword, dispatched him with more strokes than I care to remember.

When I turned again to Yovanne, the dwarf was in her arms, and she ripping open his doublet, for that ell of warrior had been trampled by the boar and lacked his senses.

Her face was nigh as pale as his, and when she brushed back her loosened tresses, her hand left red upon them. Then saw I that both arm and hand were bright with blood, running down from her shoulder, and I was eaten with horror to see a woman bleed, as are all true men; and, "Mother of God!" saith I, "thou'rt wounded! Suffer me to see thy hurt."

But she answered, "Nay, look to the boy first; I fear me he is sore wounded."

"Not so! Not so!" cried I. "He is but stunned, while thou art all wet with blood. For my sister's sake, she who so loves thee, grant that I examine thy wound."

But she shook her bright head, somewhat imperiously, repeating: "The boy first! Look to the boy! I am but scratched. Afterward thou shalt tend me, if thou'rt so minded."

And, together, we ministered to the poor dwarf, till that he opened big asking eyes upon us.

"Well, little rogue," saith she. "How farest thou?"

Quoth he: "What, lady dear! Wast thou not hurt then? Oh, thanks, thanks, to all the saints!—to Sainte Marie, Sainte Magdalene, Sainte Anne, Sainte Agatha, Sainte—"

And verily, I do believe he had named all the saints in the calendar had she not come to the rescue with a blithe chime of laughter and a tender jest.

"Heigh-ho!" saith she. "Here's one who questions bravely, yet waits not for his answer! Why, impling, wilt thou thank all Paradise for that thou art not sure of?"

Then goes he red and white, and red again, and he cries forth, "Lady! My dear lady! Sure thou'rt not—"

"Oh, yes and I am," cries she, with more of tears than of laughter in her voice. "Yes, yes, thou foolish sprite! Safe am I—safe and sound, in every way, and thou 'twas who kept me so!" Whereat, she falls to kissing his rough locks, with so misplaced an ardor that the poor wight came near to

losing what wits remained to him. Indeed, so was he puffed up by that sweet poison that he got a trouncing for each kiss, before the Sabbath, and 'twas then late on a Friday. But since she was so minded, I lent her my aid in addling his little brain, and addled 'twas, ma foi! what with cosettings and coaxings, and her giving him her white hand to wipe his tears on, and setting on of his hat, as he had been the babe of her own flesh; besides other tender fooleries too numerous to mention.

I was all amazed and knew not how to take it; so swift the change from Amazon to melting womanhood! but remembering her wound, I did again urge that she would suffer me to examine it. She laughed a little at my solemn tone, lifting, a hair-breadth, her splendid shoulders, as who should say: "Have thy way, then, thou stubborn fellow. 'Tis all one to me!" So I bended over her, to see what could be done, but could not come at the hurt, because of her close vesture, and hesitated, being at a loss how to proceed.

Then flings she me one of her mocking laughs across the wounded shoulder, and saith she:

"Well, and what irks thee, Sieur Physician?" Which thing she knew as well as I did, and sorely was I tempted to tell her so, but choosing the prouder course, I answered, with a brief and frozen courtesy:

"Madam, 'tis thy riding-coat, which comes between thee and such poor skill as I can proffer thee."

At this, up went that willful chin of hers, and forth from her bright throat there pealed a chime so silver-gay that the heart's red leaped into her cheek, as though to be nearer the sweet sound o't. And she said:

"Out on thee, thou malapert doublet! Wilt thou stop the way of thy betters? Nay, seigneur, haste, haste, I pray thee, and put aside the froward rogue!"

But though her voice was now as solemn as a passing-bell, her eyes danced like wedding-guests.

I seemed not to be aware of aught unusual, however, and bowing low, I ripped open the cloth of her habit, above the wound, with my hunting-knife. As I parted the dark-green stuff from her shoulder, 'twas as when a falconer doth part the grass above some white bird that his lammeret hath slain. 'Twas such a miracle of warm, flower-scented snow, on which I gazed, that my face waxed red for its whiteness; and when I saw the great blood-clotted gash, made by that foul brute's tusks, there did dart through my own flesh so fierce a pang that I was fain to cry out with rage and pity.

But she seemed in no wise concerned; just glancing sideways, now and then, to note my uncouth surgery, or making a great "O" of her red lips, in mock anguish, when asked if I gave her too much pain. For the rest of the time she hummed and whistled light catches, chin on hand, putting me such questions 'twixt tune and tune, about the dead boar, as one huntsman might put another. I, meantime, breathed in beauty as 't had been some witch-scent headier than new wine, till my eyes saw two of her, and the joints of my will were loosened.

So wrought that potent magic in my blood that, ere I was aware of change, lo! the strong man within me had shrunk to nain-size, and all my soul was crying out for her, like a babe for its mother. Yet was there left enough of the old stubbornness to protest against this puny yielding, and so did new and old, desire and habit, strive together in my heart, that I knew not, of a surety, whether I did most desire to kiss or to cuff her.

She, herself, put an end to the conflict, however, for, losing her patience

—and so small a parcel made it that she never marked its loss!—"Bungle, bungle!" quoth she, "God patience me, Dr. Bungle! Wilt never have enough of bungling? 'T has been wind and unwind, tie and untie, round and round, and up and down, and right and left, this hour past! Let be! Let be, I tell thee! Ill or well, it stands as 'tis. Take away thy hands, that I may look on what they've accomplished!"

And she twists away her arm, and holds it out that she may the better examine it.

Then such a shout of madcap laughter doth she give that my ears split with it, and cries she, the mirth-tears rolling by twos and threes:

"Oh, well done! nobly done! Never doctor doctored like my doctor! Never maiden had her arm cross-gartered till to-day," and she turns her arm about, this way and that, setting her head, first on one side, then on t'other, like a bird when 'tis considering. But, on a sudden, the gayety melts from her eyes, and she turns on me an anxious countenance.

"Prithee, one question, but one question, Sieur Doctor."

And leaping to her side: "A thousand an thou wilt," quoth I. Then saith she, her rich voice quivering:

"Good Dr. Bungle," murmurs she, "but one thing troubles me. 'Tis this. So well hast thou cross-gartered my poor arm that I am puzzled how to act; for 'tis in my mind to walk homeward on my hands, like the tumblers at a village fair. Is't, perchance, part of the cure that I should so comport me?"

Whereupon, my mind was brimmed with light, o' th' instant, as though a window had been opened in't, and well I knew 'twas not to kiss her I desired so ardently. And, while she faddled over her horse's trappings, I sought to cool my humor, by pacing to and fro, with measured gait and mien loftily composed.

But the fire of wrath seemed to blaze only the brighter for my pains, and showered forth thoughts like sparks; little stinging, unavailing atoms of the mind, that clung to my throat, as to a chimney, and darkled out, when I tried to utter them. In such a flame of kindled vanity was I, from head to heels, that a rain-drop falling then upon my forehead would have spat as on hot metal.

On one thing, however, I was as firmly fixed as earth in her socket; namely, that this scornful, whimsic demoiselle should not be gratified, by seeing to what a fume her boy's prankishness had brought me.

"She shall learn that I am no love-sick, moon-calf, country lout, to fry or freeze, at her behest—that shall she!" fumed I, strutting ever more majestically. "With silence and a distance-keeping courtesy will I behave toward her, and when, at length, she perceives her fault, and strives to make amends, by pretty speeches, 'Madam'—so will I address her, and will calmly smile—'madam, 'tis late—let us press our horses to better speed, lest thy father grow anxious for thy late tarrying. 'Tis not too late to save him from vain fears, but, for some things, it is already too late.' Then, humbled by the very moderation of my rebuke, she will hang down that haughty head of hers and will answer, with meek contrition: "'Tis ne'er too late to crave forgiveness, though it may be too late to bestow it.'"

"At this, I will adopt a milder, though still frigid seeming, and, in few, yet ably chosen words, I will reveal to her the failings and shortcomings of her nature; her insolence; her misplaced jesting; her hoyden-whimsies; ay, her whole inner self, from top to toe, will I disclose to her, tricked out in boy's apparel, and mannish swagger

and poignards of toy wit! For right royally hath she been cockered up, since but a cradle-thing, as full of winsome naughtiness as leaves of green and trees of leaves!" Thus mused I, lashing with scorpions my unrighteous wrath, "Yea, of a verity, both men and women, children and beasts and birds have hastened to perform her bidding, scampered at her nod, from the day that she had wit enough to wag her saucy pate, or frame commands, with those red lips of hers. But I will disclose to her the fact that there be those over whom she cannot reign! I, ev'n I, will learn her the hard lesson of humility, and by practical demonstration to boot! Let her summon me! I will be more immovable than stock or stone. Let her call to me for aid! The deaf adder, stopping her ears, will not be more deaf than I. Let her—"

'Twas my own name, rung out clear and high, by that bell-toned voice of hers, that broke in on my soliloquy: "Vallon! Ay! Loys de Vallon! *Au secours!*" thus it shrilled, and ere the last note had died away I was beside her, a cold sweat on my back and hot fear in my breast.

And, "What is't? What is't?" I gasped, and had her about the shoulders, and my drawn sword guarding her, ere she could move or speak.

But she freed herself with one swift whirl, and fronted me all ablaze, hand on dagger, and white wrath in her cheek.

"How now!" saith she; "how now!" and held her breath for sheer rage like a furious child. Then, catching it again: "Hast run mad?" she saith, but not waiting for my answer, and with a sob of anger, as 'twere: "Ay, ay; 'tis that! 'tis surely that! for naught else could have led thee to hale me by the shoulders, as I were a peasant lass and thou some village jack-a-dandy drunk on cider!" Then, when she had me all white and rage-shaken, in my turn, down swooped she, like the hawk-wild thing she was, ruffling feathers and spreading wings o'er something in the grass. What 'twas I could not guess at first, she being betwixt us and bending so close above it. A second look revealed it to me, however, and behold! there lay his Spanish dwarfship, with his wits gone for good, this time—so thought I. And, to my shame, I felt myself a-grinning with a heathen glee that eased the rage-cramp at my heart.

So there stood I, showing my teeth, like a caged fox-cub at a stick, and tugging mercilessly at the few strands on my upper lip, which were used to most tender handling, and "if I stir again at her behest, may I stick fast in my grave at the last *reveille!*" quoth I, and went on with my smirking and twirling, my teeth locked, and the key turned on all of gentle manhood that was in me.

I might have spared myself all this pother. While I stood there, as though my heels had taken root in the tough loam, she passed me, the dwarf gathered in her arms, and blinking up into her bent face, like a sick babe at a candle! Ay, so close did she pass that her garments and the wayward sweetness of her brushed my very soul. And next, I heard her voice again, but very low now, and with a soft jangle in it, as of chimes rung brokenly,—I heard her murmuring to that armful of marred man:—

"Little pest, do but pluck up heart enough to set thy foot on mine, when I shall be in the saddle, and I will carry thee safe and sure to Savaré."

Whereat, she took him upon her knee, as he had been a child, supporting him with her right arm against her shoulder. Thus they rode home, I evermore astonished and enraged with each new hap.

And throughout all the long, long night that followed, we rode in dreams together, in tourney, chase and war.

And the sound of her deep laughter was in my ears, like the sound of the sea in the ears of children that have played all day upon the sands. Moreover, even in my dreaming, I knew not if I did more admire or scorn her.

Now in the days that followed that strange day, I was often in the presence of the Lady Yovanne; for, at all hours, and unannounced, she would come through that little door, in the wall, that severed our domains, to be with Rosalys, or, by the same way, would Rosalys go forth, taking me with her. And, did I say her nay, urging some brain-concocted work to cry me grace: "Oh, Brother Sulky-brows," so would she name me, "'tis as easy to see through thee as through a maid's fingers, when she covers her face with them, the better to behold the lover at her feet. Thou'rt in the dumps, for that Yovanne entreats thee like the pride-puffed boy thou art. And that's the whole truth about thee and that fine work o' thine!"

In this wise would she flout and tease me, till, for very peace, I would set forth with her for Savaré.

Sometimes we did all three ride together; sometimes walk; and sometimes would Rosalys sit on a green slope with her needle-work, while we twain, Yovanne and I, played at the fair game of tennis, sending our hearts, with the balls, to and fro in the glad air; though we knew it not. And I marveled at her grace and fleetness, and learned to believe in Pagan Atalanta and in Artemis, and made them my patron saints; this, too, unwittingly, as by some silent spring of life within me, scarce heeded, like that which keeps the clockwork of the heart in motion.

So passed the days, alike and tranquil, until a month had sped, but, within me all was restlessness and troubled murk, as of wide sullen waters, tossing in twilight. And gusts of impulse blew me hither and thither, from mood to mood, from glad to gloom, from peace to wrath, stranding me, at last, on the shoal-bound coast of uncertainty. Ah me! those floundering and gropings of the hapless wight whose soul's eyes fate has blindfolded with the girdle of Aphrodite!

'Twas after this fashion that I played at blind-man's buff with my happiness, recking naught o't, and deeming myself, all the while, a mighty fine and far-sighted and discerning fellow.

"For," quoth I, to the man within who shared my body and such wits as I could spare him—"for, as thou wottest, dear beaupeep, I have been wisdom's accepted lover, since my topmost love-lock nodded even with Dan Cupid's crowning curl, when it did tinkle the rosy knee of his mother, as he trotted at her side! And 'tis to win more favor of my dear mistress, that same Lady Wisdom, that I so diligently observe the Lady Yovanne, who would have made King Solomon feast, for a sennight, on his own words, and Socrates pour out his draught of hemlock to the God of Life!"

And this oration puffed out still more my vainglory, on the which I swam the sea of knowledge as on a bladder.

Ne'er was fairer task fairer studied nor with greater zeal! I had her by heart; both visible and invisible woman were conned and jotted down and annotated. Even in my sleep, I would be muttering: "What meant that look?" "To what end that action?" "Wherefore, at morn, a boy's way and doublet; at noon, a meek gray gown and nunnish eyelids; at eve, rustling of silken robes, tinkle of gems, left eyebrow quirked à la Savaré! Wherefore and whence these changements, these inconsistencies?"

And ever more and more did I chafe o'er this my self-set and alluring task. For I was ne'er of the same mind about her, three heart-beats together.

Now 'twas her haughty mien repelled

me, while that her beauty drew me, till I was at a standstill between them, and knew not whether to advance or to go backward. Where her laughter froze me, her smile did fire me. Where her wildness irked me, I could but kindle at her fearlessness. Full ten times, in as many hours, she had me raging with some scoff or word or gesture, yet I would have followed one gracious flash of the blue fire 'neath her brow, like a child, a will-o'-the-wisp, till I found myself up to the middle in a very slough of ridicule.

To speak simply, what I now discern, reading o'er these blurred heart-pages by that clear light which shines at eventide of well-spent lives, and, in the tranquil heart, is as the clear shining after the rain and wind of youth;—to set forth all, in little,—I loved and knew not that I loved! Moreover, 'twas love so different from my boyhood's painting of the destined maid, that my silly pride rebelled, and I was in just such a fume of helpless rage as is an urchin, haled by his nurse whither he would not. For where I had looked to mate with a dove, my heart had flown forth in pursuit of a falcon. And I was torn with stubborn pride and blind yearning, like to a stag between two panthers.

Now it chanced, upon a day in mid-summer, that we twain walked alone through the garden at Savaré. And, meseemed, that in her gown of pure white wrought with gold, she was like a radiant winter morning, all snow and sunlight and heaven-blue; for her face was very chill, as 'twas ever, when she mused, and her eyes like azure ice. Then, on a sudden, I waxed wroth, and changed my thought of her, likening her to a snow-image, wherein a child hath thrust two bright blue flowers for eyes.

With this I laughed out, a hard laugh, not very mirthful, so that she turned to look at me.

"What thought-bee stung you, then, *Sieur Loys*?" saith she, and spreads a scornful nostril.

"'Twas brother to the winged snake that sent Dan Cupid howling to his mother, madame," quoth I, and gave her look for look from half-lowered eyelids.

"And you laugh where poor love wept? So! I see your meaning! A brave gallant!" wherewith she fell laughing, in her turn. I liked it no better than she had liked my merriment, but feigned a coolness I was far from feeling.

As we walked, she had been culling flowers, now from this side, now from that, her lissome body bending as though in the delicate breeze that rippled round us. All her up-gathered kirtle was filled with great lilies, white and red,—roses and giroflées and fair gold blossoms that gave forth a pungent savor.

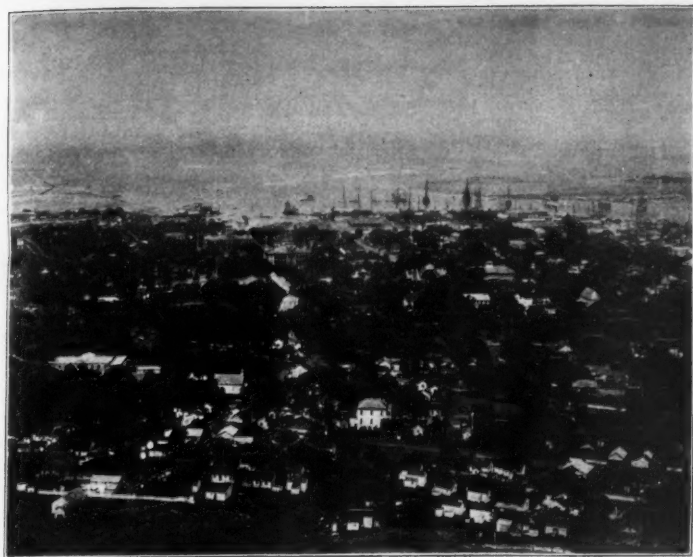
And now her hand was hovering, like a rose-pale moth, tremulous with indecision, between two gorgeous blossoms.

"Ah, well," sighed she, a mock sigh, long and dolorous. "Ah, well-a-day! The Lady Diana guard me from those winged serpents of which you tell so feelingly," and, with a curt snap, she broke away a rose-bough, and, holding it on high, shot me a blue sword-glance, through its scarlet clusters—a glance so full of gleeful malice that my heart winced at it.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed she again. "But if an't be my destiny, what help? For destiny rules the very gods themselves." Then, on a sudden, waxing cheerful, "Nay, but what pother over naught!" cried she. "An a serpent sting me, 'twill be no nearer my heart than my heel; for, like Peleus' son, 'tis only my heel would be vulnerable to a Norman snake, and I think there be no other in my garden, nor anywhere else, save in that song o' thine!"

(Continued next week.)





GENERAL VIEW OF HONOLULU



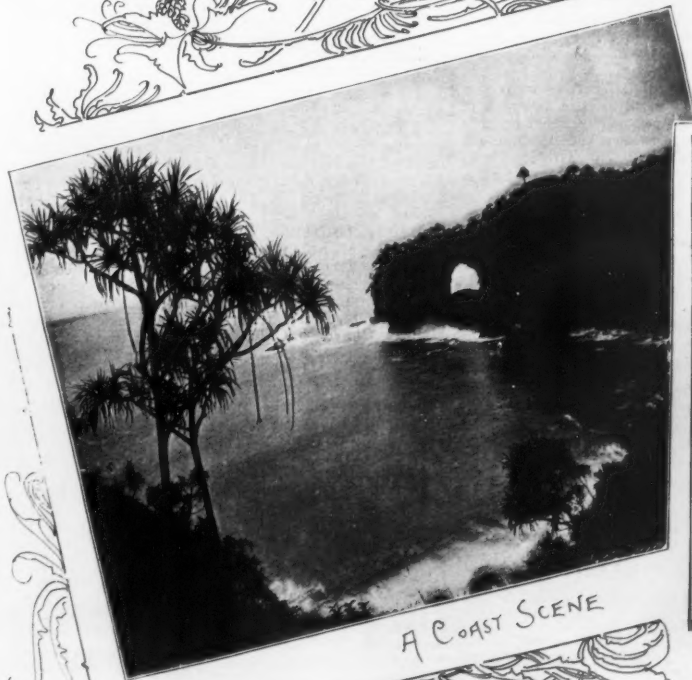
DATE PALM



GROUP OF NATIVES



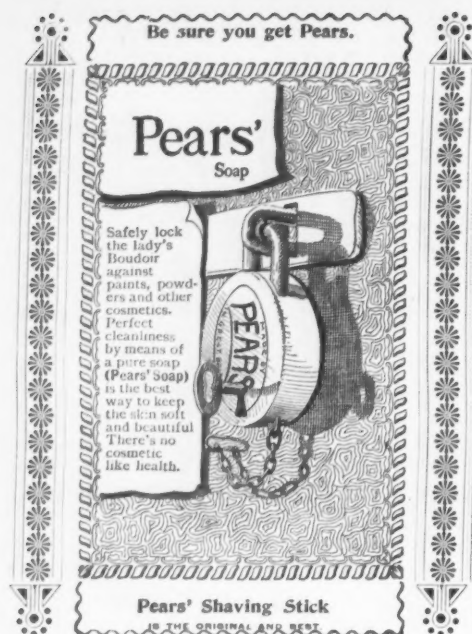
A COUNTRY SCENE



A COAST SCENE



HAWAIIAN FISHING BOATS



## ANTIPODES: A DIALOGUE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

(A Room in the Continental Hotel, Paris. Frank and Ralph, two Americans, talking together. Time, afternoon.)

Frank.  
I love Paris!

Ralph.  
I detest Paris!

Frank.  
You don't know, Ralph, how ashamed of yourself you ought to be. There's your only excuse, my boy. You're unconsciously criminal.

Ralph.  
Oh, it's all a very deliberated matter, I assure you. My experience of Paris isn't limited, you know.

Frank.  
Neither is mine.

Ralph.  
If, when you talk of liking Paris, you mean the American atmosphere of it—this hotel, for example, and the Grand, and your gin-cocktail at "Henry's," and calling on Mrs. Tompkins Brownjones of Madison Avenue in her new apartments on the Avenue Victor Hugo or Marseau—if you mean, I say, by liking Paris, all this completely unrepresentative and alien portion, I have nothing whatever to reply. What I dislike is the city itself, apart from all foreign addenda. For example, you will no doubt call the people here picturesque because they loaf in chairs on the sidewalks before their numberless cafés.

Frank.  
Loaf! What an unjust word!

Ralph.  
It's the right one. The huge Parisian middle-class have no sense of respectability. They lack, as well, all sense of home life. The household, the hearthstone, is a myth for them. It is they who support the enormous number of cheap restaurants. Heaven knows what they do with their children. These are left in lodgings—mostly very dirty ones at that—while their parents lounge over tables d'hôtes, guzzle odious decoctions on the pavements of the boulevards, or split their sides at indecent plays and songs in shabby and disreputable theaters.

Frank.  
I don't know any race in which love for their children is more charmingly developed. Perhaps you're really aware that the lodgings of the middle-classes are dirty. It's a sweeping statement, unless you've made thorough examinations, Ralph. As for the children, *bonnes* are inexpensive, remember, and that dreadful evening debauchery at which you sneer is constantly the following-up of a long, workful day. Neglect of children, indeed! Do you not forget the crowds of mothers seated with their sewing in the gardens of the Luxembourg, in the woodland stretches of the Bois, below the chestnut trees of the Champs Elysées? And where then were the children of these women? Playing near them, if old enough to use their little legs. If not, in baby carriages at their sides. Paris is large, and thickly thronged. I maintain that this middle-class which so stirs your rancor does not habitually live the haphazard night life you describe. Now and then it may be true that they seek amusement. The French have an immense capacity for it. All Latin races have, but they in particular. It is the secret of their amazing prosperity as a nation; they possess the power to laugh easily.

Ralph.  
Yes—at gross things. Observe their comic journals. Could you find ranker coarseness anywhere?

Frank.  
I find the coarseness leavened by much sparkling wit.

Ralph.  
Of course you so. They try to disguise with cologne

Set of 12 Portfolios, 16 full page photos each 13 1/2 x 11, 192 pages in all, subject, "Beautiful Paris," edition cost \$100,000, given absolutely free with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to their customers. Write for particulars.

the stench of assafoetida. . . Come, now; we will talk of their men—the Frenchmen whom you and I have met—the Parisians with whom we have occasionally been thrown. What do you really think of their lives? Would such lives be for an instant tolerated in London or New York? Here these men are held as gentlemen, and as such everywhere received. When rich do they not often support handsome and luxurious establishments over which some woman (who is not their wife and is never to be) rules, with her bevy of servants, her smart equipages, her changes of toilet continuous and extravagant? Is it not an every-day tale that the hearts of these men's mothers and sisters are broken by the financial ruin into which they plunge? But silly adherence for a year or so to cruel and callous feminine spendthrifts isn't by any means the sole cause of such ruin. Look at the Parisian clubs, where they pass their afternoons and their midnights—places more odious to me than even the absinthe-reeking streets from three till four P.M. What do they do, there at those clubs, but gamble? Is social intercourse the object of these institutions? Not in the least. The gambler's lust of play alone brings them into being, and the more patrician and "swagger" they are the higher the play runs. And then their preposterous duels, where braggadocio masquerades as valor, and where a phantom which they would presume to call "honor" is battled for on the discreet understanding that all exchanged wounds must be only skin-deep. Oh, the unutterable folly of a Parisian "gentleman's" life!—the triviality and wickedness commingled!

Frank.  
My dear Ralph, the point of view, the point of view! That is everything. Remember that in ancient Rome suicide was held to be exemplary, and in Sparta the boys were taught to steal. I admit that it's horrible the *demi-monde* should thrive. But, after all, do they thrive? Is it not only a little brief fluttering, with them, of gay-colored wings in the sun? And you speak of mothers' and sisters' hearts being broken. Why did you not say fathers' as well? Surely you must admit that in Paris there are thousands of pure-lived elderly men. And, after all, what might be the young Frenchman's reply to your charge? "We are dissipated openly," he might say, "and you are dissipated on the sly—there lies the entire difference between us. You Americans (and you English as well, since to us you seem very much the same) are just as reprehensible *en cachette* as we are in a public fashion. Of course you will set up the claim that we decorate vice and you do not. But this we consider to be no rejoinder of the slightest importance, for we think vice very ugly indeed and can no more endure it undecorated than if it were a salad without dressing." . . . Then as to their clubs. Do we Americans not gamble? Is there anything in the world that so positively reeks with hazard as our Wall Street? The French Bourse, as you very well know, is not to be named in the same year with it. Besides, what vast quantities of money change hands at our elections! And then have we not our numberless horse-races, and till lately did we not have our upaslike Louisiana Lottery, with a bough that had rooted itself in every State? . . . And then this question of dueling. The other day I was talking it over with a Frenchman of good name and place. He abominated it, but he gave, so to speak, the devil and duel their due. "Of course," he said, "for the law to forbid it and then wink at it, is shameful. But still, so confirmed are our people in their respect for the custom, that no jury can be induced to return a verdict of guilty. And the arguments used in favor of it are these: First, it is *not* the nonsensical affair, Ralph, which you maintain. True, duels are usually stopped when blood is drawn, but that does not mitigate the extreme danger threatening either opponent. In a duel very recently fought near Paris, the seconds were on thorns of anxiety, and for the reason that neither principal knew anything to speak of regarding swordsmanship. . . . Second, these contests prevent the fisticuffs which occur between gentlemen in America and England. A Frenchman is called a hard name, and he at once retires with the intention of sending his *témoin* to the aggressor. Black eyes, bloody noses and similar vulgarities are thus avoided; rowdiness is muzzled; the manners of the prize-ring are discountenanced. . . . Third, a veto is laid upon freedom of speech between men, and a premium is put upon politeness.

Ralph.  
Yes—on French politeness, which resembles the wounds of these same duels, in being skin-deep. You meet "politeness" among the best-bred Frenchwomen. I hope you haven't been fooled, Frank, into admiring that!

Frank.  
Good heavens! A real French lady—let us say Balzac's *femme de trente ans*—is the most engaging human creation that I know of!

Ralph.  
How can you! She abounds in the most deadly artifice. She is cloaked with deception and *finesse*. The actual woman is smothered below fathomless falsities. Balzac, whom you have mentioned, has somewhere perfectly described her. How go his words? . . . Ah, yes, I have them! . . . *Une femme qui possède cent trente-sept mille manières de dire Non, et d'incommensurables variations pour dire Oui.*

Frank.  
Precisely. Such enchanting subtlety spoils one for any other woman on earth!

Ralph.  
Oho! . . . No wonder they have said that you're in love with Madame de—

Frank.  
I'm in love with half a dozen Madames de Quelque-chose. For less personal imprudence, Ralph, many a Frenchman has fought and bled.

Ralph.  
Quite so. Several drops. But if you should challenge me I shouldn't fight.

Frank (laughing).  
I knew it; that was my reason for the bellicose re-

mark. . . By the way, how is it that you linger so long, this spring, here in your execrated Paris?

Ralph.  
*C'est mon affaire.*

Frank.  
No doubt. Is she very winsome?

Ralph.  
Suppose I told you that she's an American lady?

Frank.  
I shouldn't believe you.

Ralph.  
And pray why?

Frank.  
Your French accent has lately improved in so striking a degree.

Ralph.  
Really? . . . All the same, I detest Paris.

Frank.  
You think you do. It's one of your fads. By the way, you "blew me off" to a nice dinner, the other night, at Durand's. I owe you one, and I'll pay it at Paillard's.

Ralph.  
They swindled me at Durand's. They always swindle Americans at those swell places.

Frank.  
I examined your *addition* carefully, and saw nothing wrong about it except your extravagance. Come with me to Paillard's to-night, and over a miraculous fish and a supernatural *filet* you will tell me what bad cooks you think the French are. Afterward we will go to the *Comédie Française* and see that masterpiece of Dumas, *Le Demi Monde*. You will then have a chance, dear boy, of showing me what bad dramatists are the French and what wretched actors.

Ralph (furious).  
I didn't say they were bad cooks, dramatists or actors. I simply said that I detested Paris.

Frank.  
*Parfaitement.* And I adore it. Let us agree to disagree. Come. Paris, July 5.

## CIVIC AND PHILANTHROPIC CONFERENCE.

A conference of men and women interested in the great social, hygienic, and philanthropic questions pertaining to the welfare of human society will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., October 12-17, 1897. The following and other questions will be presented in papers and addresses by prominent philanthropists and educators, with the hope of evolving some practical methods of reform.

Methods of Municipal Organization.

The Betterment of Municipal Politics.

Public Sanitation and Water Supply.

Condition of the poor and unemployed.—Are Pauperism and Crime the product of our civilization?—How to eliminate the tramp from society.—What to do for the ex-convict.

A mutual agreement between counties, cities and villages, so one municipality shall not drive its idle men to another.

Farm Colonies and Emergency Relief.

The Tenement House Question.

Social or University Settlements.

The School of Health.

Medical Missions.—Free Baths.—District Nursing as a relief for the sick destitute poor.

School Hygiene.—How to prevent physical deterioration resulting from school life.—Medical Inspection of pupils.—Physical cleanliness.—Lavatory and bath facilities for public schools.

Rev. Samuel G. Smith, D.D., pastor of the People's Church, St. Paul, and Professor of Sociology in the Minnesota State University, will be President, and J. H. Kellogg, M.D., Superintendent of Battle Creek Sanitarium, Vice-President.

The following well-known workers have promised to participate: Hon. Henry Wade Rogers, LL.D., President of the Northwestern University; Governor H. S. Pingree; Very Rev. Dean Harris, LL.D., of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada; Dr. Arthur Edwards, Editor of the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," Chicago; Mrs. Henry W. Rogers, Evanston; Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, Superintendent Chicago Training School; Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, Chicago; Professor C. R. Henderson, Professor of Sociology, Chicago University; Rev. H. W. Bennett, D.D., Pastor First Methodist Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Henry N. Hart, President of United Hebrew Charities, Chicago; Dr. H. B. Baker, Secretary of Michigan State Board of Health; Rev. Morgan Wood, D.D., Toronto; Rev. J. P. Brushingham, D.D., President Methodist Social Union, Chicago; Hon. C. C. Bonney, ex-President World's Fair Congresses; Rev. W. H. Manns, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago; Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., Pastor of Trinity Church, Chicago; Dr. I. K. Funk, New York City; Bayard Holmes, M.D., Chicago.

One day will be devoted to a special conference of the mayors of cities and executive county officials of Michigan and adjoining States to consider the industrial question. Counties and all municipalities are invited to send delegates.

Professor E. O. Excell will have charge of the music of the conference.

The Railways have been asked to make reduced rates and there will be ample hotel accommodations at low rates.

For all particulars and official programme, address with stamp,

S. SHERIN, Secretary,  
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## MIRACULOUS MUD.

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HIG HOTEL HAS BEEN ERECTED AND PEOPLE ARE JOURNEYING THERE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TO BATHE IN THE MUD.

A deposit of most remarkable mud discovered in Indiana, has of recent years been attracting widespread attention. It is located at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren County, and has been formed by the action of the water from the famous Magno-Lithia springs. Through countless ages the foliage of magnificent oaks on the hillside has annually fallen into a basin, and has been reduced by nature into a pure black earth unmingled with roots, stones or sand. The water from the big spring for thousands of years has been soaking this deposit and saturating it with mineral salts, until now there is a layer of medicated mud about two acres in extent and from ten to twenty feet in thickness.

The strange medicinal value of this peculiar, black, porous substance was accidentally discovered by an old soldier, Sam Story, who had brought rheumatism home from the war and suffered with it for years. He was attempting to dig a drainage ditch through the mud deposit, and after indulging in this useless experiment for a week or more, gave up the idea, but meanwhile had been cured of his rheumatism.

The fame of the mud began to spread, and afflicted congregated at the Springs from everywhere. The method of using the mud was at first very primitive, the patient merely sitting down in the deposit where nature had laid it. But since then improvements have been made, a beautiful hotel erected, and the mud bath developed into a luxurious experience. The accompanying cut shows how it's done.



After all, Nature is the greatest of all chemists, and seems here to have prepared in a gigantic receptacle an enormous mass of medicine for poulticing sore humanity. When all else had failed, Nature's treatment, the Magno-Mud cure, as it is now called, has in hundreds of cases brought back health and happiness.

## CASUAL NOTES.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

THE days of chivalry were noted for the high consideration and courtesy of man toward woman. She sat throned on high, while her knight fought and died for her, and worshiped her as something fair and good beyond aught else on earth. A knight to be perfect must be as gentle as brave, and must love his lady as steadfastly as he hated his enemy.

Nowadays the men of our Southern States are held to be the most chivalrous of any men on earth. No woman ever stands up in a horse-car south of the Mason and Dixon line, and in great things as in small the Southerner defers to woman, worships her and serves her much like the knights who sat at the "Table Round."

But the age of chivalry was also noted as curiously lacking in consideration for such persons as happened to be born without a title—such as could lay no claim to noble blood. The knight killed off the varlet with far less compunction than he would employ toward a dog, whenever the former caused him any inconvenience. And his lady stood by with entire unconcern, or even ran a dagger into the worthless rascal herself if her lord were not available. In fact, such things as law and justice never entered into the knight's dealings with the common herd. Far less even the shadow of Christian mercy.

Nowadays, again, when the negro arouses the wrath of the Southern man, he is chased over the country with bloodhounds and murdered wherever found. Beaten, hacked, torn to pieces or burned. And it seems that the Southern women look on while their sons and husbands revel in this orgie of blood, if not unmoved, yet certainly with no effort to restrain them. To be sure the negro, if no mistake has been made, and he be really the guilty one, has committed a terrible crime. But the law imposes the utmost penalty, and with a white judge and jury there is no doubt but that the negro would suffer it. So that there is no shadow of necessity for resorting to murder.

How the men will justify their acts does not concern this column. But the women who look on at it, apparently with approval? Does the nineteenth century differ from the sixth only in conditions, not in the spread and development of law and mercy and loving-kindness? Are we all blood-sisters to the ladies of King Arthur's court, and would we learn to enjoy the bloody play of the jousts with a little practice, as we learn to look on quietly at the hideous torture and murder of a human being beneath us in the social scale, who has aroused our revenge? It seems not unlikely.

It is some years since Jean Ingelow has made a direct appeal to the notice of the world, and now comes the news of her death at the age of seventy-seven. Her poems and novels, particularly "Fated to be Free," have been widely read. Chil-

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Mamma—"And it is, my child."  
Johnnie—"No, mamma, it isn't. I know there is pie in the pantry, but I can't get it."

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## PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CRITICS.

Now that the first session of the new Congress has come to an end, we can look back and see how far President McKinley can be said to have disappointed the expectations of his friends and to have justified the dark predictions of his enemies. These enemies were of divers kinds, some of them silver men, some gold men, some mugwumps, and some jingoes. We were told, for instance, by the silver men that the wish repeatedly expressed by Mr. McKinley, during the campaign, for an international bimetallic conference was pure buncombe, and that, after he took office, we should hear no more of it. We were told by the gold men, including notably ex-Postmaster General Wilson, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle, and ex-President Cleveland, that Mr. McKinley had broken his pledge to the organizers of the Indianapolis Convention, first, by favoring a high protective tariff instead of acquiescing in the system of moderate protection already on the statute book, and, secondly, that he had no idea of reforming the national currency in compliance with the views of conservative financiers. By the jingoes we were warned that the new President would out-Cleveland Cleveland in respect of a lukewarm and feeble foreign policy; and by the mugwumps that he would deal a deadly blow at civil service reform. All the disgruntled, finally, in chorus declared that nothing could be more absurd than to describe McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity, and invited us to point out, if we could, some visible and tangible signs of the promised change for the better.

Well, just five months have elapsed since Mr. McKinley entered the White House, and what are the facts? Scarcely was the new President inaugurated, when he appointed a commission for the purpose of persuading the principal European governments to take part in an international conference, at which a fixed ratio between the white and yellow metals should be established. Had even one out of the three members of that commission been a gold monometallist, it might have been possible to cast some doubt on the President's sincerity. As a matter of fact, every one of the three—Senator Wolcott, ex-Vice-President Stevenson, and General Paine—is a convinced and earnest bimetalist, and it is therefore impossible for the most skeptical foreigner to suspect our government of duplicity or indifference. The result is that the commission has been cordially received in France, and that both England and Germany seem likely to accede to its proposals so far as to send representatives to an international conference. Let us look next at the reform of the national currency, which Mr. McKinley was accused by gold Democrats of never intending to promote. The truth is that, notwithstanding the protests of certain Republican Senators, who stand overmuch in awe of the obstructive powers of the silver men in the upper chamber, the President insisted upon sending a message to Congress recommending the creation of a commission for the purpose of investigating the currency and of recommending changes therein, should any seem desirable. His suggestion was promptly adopted by the House of Representatives, and it is surely no fault of his that the Senate deferred to the next session a consideration of the plan. As for the charge that by favoring the Dingley tariff the Chief Magistrate broke faith with the gold Democrats who saw fit to vote for him, we have yet to hear an answer to the challenge to prove that Mr. McKinley uttered a word during the campaign, or at any other time, that could be construed as a promise to refrain from disturbing the Wilson tariff, and to abstain from giving a larger measure of protection to American manufactures. On the contrary, it was on a distinct and reiterated

pledge to give American manufacturers more protection than they then enjoyed that Mr. McKinley was nominated and elected, so far as Republicans were concerned, who, of course, constituted the great mass of his supporters.

With regard to the charge leveled by jingoes against Mr. McKinley's foreign policy, the sole basis for it is his omission to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Touching this point, it should be remembered that, although a joint resolution recommending that such a step should be taken by the Executive was passed by the Senate, it has not yet been acted upon by the House of Representatives. It is scarcely fair to censure the President for not assenting to a resolution which has not reached him; obviously, censure should fall, if anywhere, upon the members of the popular branch of the Federal legislature. In another direction, the President has earned the good will of all genuine Americans by a wise, opportune, and vigorous act, certain to subserve the interests of the country in the Pacific. We refer, of course, to the Hawaiian annexation treaty, which, as we now know, was negotiated in the nick of time, Japan having been upon the verge of adopting toward the Honolulu government a coercive course, which, in all likelihood, would have ended in a military occupation of the Hawaiian islands. The delay in the confirmation of the treaty has encouraged Japan to submit a protest against us, and the unpleasant consequences which possibly may follow our refusal to heed the remonstrance will be chargeable, not upon the President, but upon the Senate, which chose to adjourn without giving its sanction to the convention. Procrastination on the part of the Senate in this matter is the more surprising, because the former annexation treaty, hastily recalled by Mr. Cleveland from the Senate, would have been ratified by a two-thirds vote in that body. It clearly is no fault of the President's that Hawaii is not ours to-day, and that we may conceivably have to fight for it hereafter.

We come, lastly, to the apprehensions expressed by mugwump newspapers that the McKinley administration would prove fatal to the cause of civil service reform. It was alleged that the new President intended to undo the work performed by Mr. Cleveland in placing under the civil service rules a large number of government officials previously unaffected by them. Well, Mr. McKinley's order, amending his predecessor's civil service regulations, was issued on Wednesday, July 28. He did, in truth, change one of Mr. Cleveland's rules, so far as to exclude from the operation of the civil service law a few officials whose duties are of a kind that render trustworthiness in money matters of incomparably more importance than educational qualifications of a technical sort. For instance, in the custom house the following persons will be henceforth exempt from competitive examinations: One cashier and one chief or principal deputy or collector in each customs district; and one principal deputy collector at each sub-port or station: in the internal revenue service, there will also be relieved from competitive examinations one employee in each internal revenue district, who shall act as cashier or chief assistant collector; one deputy collector in each internal revenue district where the number of employees in the office of the collector exceeds four; and, finally, one deputy collector in each stamp or branch office. Even applicants for these offices, however, are to have their abilities tested through an examination conducted by a civil service commission, though the government does not bind itself to accept those who get the highest marks. So much for the only change in Mr. Cleveland's rule which from any point of view can be construed as reactionary. On the other hand, Mr. McKinley promulgated a rule embodying a reform which has been long and fervently advocated

by the civil service commission, but to which Mr. Cleveland never gave the force of law. The new rule provides that no removal shall be made from any position subject to competitive examinations except for just cause and upon written charges filed with the head of the department or other appointing officer, and as to which the accused shall have full notice and an opportunity to make defense. In exchange, moreover, for the officials relieved by him from competitive examinations, Mr. McKinley by another rule has included within the classified service the employees of all custom-house offices without regard to the number of employees. This order brings under the civil service law sixty-five customs officers hitherto unclassified. There is no doubt that these two orders, taken together, constitute the most important forward steps that have been taken in the civil service regulations since the passage of the original law. They leave the mugwump critics of the President without a leg to stand on.

As for the prophets of evil, who, ever since last November, have been taunting the President's well-wishers with the failure of prosperity to appear, it has always been obvious to people of common sense that no material change could take place in the condition of the country until a new tariff should be enacted; that is to say, until manufacturers and merchants could determine with certainty the basis on which business was to be transacted. The Dingley tariff act is not a fortnight old, yet already the sinister predictions have been falsified, for from almost all parts of the republic come announcements that prosperity is at hand.

## WILL AMERICAN WORKMEN EVER RECEIVE COMPENSATION FOR ACCIDENTS?

THE time probably is not far distant when the legislatures of our principal States will be called upon to profit by the example set thirteen years ago in Germany, and now about to be emphasized in England. When we consider how much political power is exercised by workmen throughout the Union, and that the furtherance of their welfare is ostensibly the primary aim of our tariff legislation, we cannot but feel surprised that any foreign country should have preceded the United States in providing compensation for injuries suffered in hazardous employments, whether such injuries may be traced directly to the employer's negligence, or may fairly be described as resulting from pure accident. In many, if not all, of our States, the employer is, of course, already liable where his neglect is directly chargeable with the injuries incurred. In much the larger class of mishaps, on the other hand, those, namely, which are imputable to accident alone, and are inseparable, so to speak, from the nature of the business, most of our States have followed hitherto the rule of the English common law, and have left the injured workman without a remedy. It will behoove us, however, presently to make a change in this respect, now that the British Parliament is about to assure by statute, so far as specially hazardous employments are concerned, compensation for every kind of accidents, except those which can be proved to have been caused by a workman's willful disobedience of regulations. This is a matter of grave importance from a humanitarian and economic point of view, for if, as it has been computed, there were last year in England no fewer than 27,000 serious and disabling accidents to workmen, there must have been more than twice as many in this country.

The industrial accident, as distinguished from an accident due to a workman's own negligence or to his master's, is a comparatively new conception in jurisprudence. Originally, an employer was liable for his personal acts alone, and, although ultimately he was made responsible for the acts of his agents, yet in the fourth



decade of this century the English courts introduced the doctrine of "common employment," according to which an employee took the risks of accidents caused by his fellow workmen, and could not claim compensation. Another plea subsequently permitted to defeat his claim was that of "contributory negligence." In 1880 an act was passed, however, to modify the doctrine of common employment under specific circumstances, as, for instance, if the plant were defective, or if the workmen, when injured, were acting under the orders of a foreman. So far, indeed, as railways were concerned, the doctrine of common employment was almost entirely abandoned. As, however, the sum obtainable by way of damages was restricted to three years' wages, and as the cost of instituting an action was considerable, only a very small proportion of the claims resulting from accidents were prosecuted. This was all, nevertheless, that England undertook to do for workmen injured through accidents until the beneficent course pursued by Germany at the instigation of Bismarck shamed the British Liberal party into an abortive effort in the same direction.

Industrial insurance was devised by Bismarck in order to prove to workmen that their employers and the State were better friends to them than the Socialist agitators. It was first applied in Germany in 1884, and was originally restricted to certain trades, but was largely extended three years later. Employments are classified according to the amount of risks incident to them, and the liability of individuals is apportioned accordingly. In 1887 there were, all told, 106,000 notices of accident in the German empire, but only 16,000 cases resulted in death. During the first thirteen weeks the injured are supported from a sick fund, to which the employers contribute a third and the men two-thirds. After the expiration of thirteen weeks, the injured permanently disabled receive pensions that may be as high as two-thirds their average wage. If they die, their funeral expenses are paid, and the widow receives a pension amounting to 20 per cent of the wages of the deceased and the children one equivalent to 16 or 20 per cent. These pensions are payable from a fund to which the State, as well as the employers and workmen, contribute. The amount of compensation is fixed in the first instance by a board of assessors from which an appeal lies to a board of arbitrators composed of two masters, two men, and a government umpire. The award is paid by the Government through the Post-office. We should add that the plea of contributory negligence is not admitted in Germany. The system is generally acknowledged to have worked admirably, and to have given satisfaction to employers as well as to the employed. This, of course, would not have been the case, had malingering been practiced on a large scale by convalescents, or had accidents been multiplied through carelessness. As it happens, malingering and carelessness are effectually prevented by supervisory committees composed of equal numbers of workmen and employers.

The success of industrial insurance in Germany led Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary in the last Liberal Cabinet, to introduce an Employer's Liability bill, but sooner than accept a clause allowing workmen to contract themselves out of its provision he allowed the measure to drop. In this session of the present Parliament, however, the Salisbury government has brought forward an extremely generous project, known to have been framed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and called the Workmen's Compensation bill. Out of this measure an employee can contract himself, but only with the sanction of the Registrar of the so-called Friendly Societies, which are associations exclusively composed of workmen. Moreover, an employer can only take advantage of the willingness of his workmen to contract themselves out of the measure

by joining them in a scheme which shall do even more for them than is required by the new law. By this bill, six months are allowed to a man to make his claim before an arbitration board upon which workmen and employers are equally represented, an arrangement being made for umpires in the event of disagreement. In the case of total disablement, the arbitrators may award a life pension equal to 50 per cent of the employee's annual wage, but not exceeding \$5 a week; should the disablement be partial, the pension will be reduced proportionately. In the case of a fatal accident a lump sum is to be awarded, which, if the man has persons dependent on him, may range from \$500 to \$1,500, according to the earnings of the deceased. In order that the prosecution of a claim shall not be onerous, it is provided that no attorneys or counsel shall be employed for the presentation of facts, and that no costs shall be awarded. The novel feature of the bill, so far as English legislation is concerned, is this, that workmen are to receive compensation for every conceivable kind of accident, no matter how incurred, with the sole exception of injuries due to willful disobedience of regulations. If, for instance, a miner opens a safety lamp and fires the gas pervading a mine, a widow would have no claim against the mine owner; unless, indeed, she could show that the presence of the gas was due to inadequate ventilation.

This bill has passed the House of Commons, and as it is advocated by the Prime Minister himself, it will undoubtedly pass the House of Lords as well, although, possibly, some amendments may be there attached to it. It should be noted that the measure applies only to railways, factories, quarries, mines, and engineering works. But it is said that these employments account for six or seven million persons, that is to say for half of the working population of the United Kingdom. It should further be observed that under the English project, which herein differs from its German forerunner, the whole of the burden falls on employers, and none of it upon the workmen. How large an outlay will the bill impose upon employers? It is computed that, so far as coal mining is concerned, the total annual cost of death and disablement from accident will not exceed \$70,000 per 100,000 men, which is equal to about five cents per ton of coal extracted. The coal miners, however, number only 700,000, or about one-tenth of the total number of men affected by the bill. As regards the remainder, it is calculated that the insurance of their workmen against accidents will cost employers only about one-tenth of one per cent of the wages paid.

We believe that this law for the compensation of workmen against accident will not have been in operation a year in Great Britain before an irresistible movement is started for the enactment of similar laws in the chief States of our Union.

### THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

AMERICA'S trade invasion of England continues successfully. The entire rolling stock and machinery of London's new underground electric railway is to be supplied by an American company, the reason being the customary one in such cases—better appliances and lower prices than English concerns offer. A car-building company down in Delaware has just beaten all British (and American) competitors by getting the contract for the new cars of the Southeastern Railway of England. If we can thus "beard the lion in his den" there would seem to be no reason why we should not have a successful tussle with him in every marketplace at which he can be found. More enterprise in American manufacturers, not necessarily more American shipping on the ocean, is what we need to improve our foreign trade. Even the heavy handicap imposed by the new tariff will not prevent the selling of American goods that are distinctly the best at their price.

How little is known of electricity even by men whose business it is to know something about everything is shown by a recent blunder of the greatest news agency

in Europe. So much had been said about telegraphing without wires that when some imaginative chap started the story that electricity was to be used, without wires, to explode dynamite charges in mines, blow up the magazines of distant warships and even regulate watches in men's pockets, the tale was circulated as an item of news.

Even Western car-shops are working full time; this is one of the most significant indications of the greatness of the movement of crops and other freight. Railway cars of all classes get out of order as persistently as human clothing; to repair them costs a lot of money, so when business is dull and incomes small the yards near repair-shops are crowded with disabled rolling stock while the barroom and other lounging places near by are crowded with idle workmen bemoaning the companies' inability to afford the necessary repairs. Now, however, any sort of car that can be made fit to carry grain is being patched up, and the railway mechanics are too busy to grumble.

Now that hard times are disappearing, it is in order to say that some sections of the country were doing very well while the grumbling was at its height. For instance, while many iron furnaces at the North were closed during all or part of last year the Southern furnaces ran steadily at full time and sold abroad all of their product that was not required for home consumption. Nearly half a million tons of iron were sent to Europe from the South, orders now on hand will keep the furnaces busy for half a year to come, and from Nashville it is reported that there are in England alone more than fifty American agents selling Southern iron. It is all because of the price; the South has been underselling the North and Europe's own furnaces because its iron ore, coal and lime are all near the furnaces, and there are no freight charges to be paid by the producer. Small wonder that the Southern iron districts were not talking of hard times.

Even more prosperous was copper-mining wherever copper could be found. There were no shut-downs, no short time, nor any reductions of wages in the copper-producing districts. The United States now produce about half of the copper of the world, and their yield and proportion increases steadily, yet the market never is overstocked, the mine-owners would not trade their property for gold mines, and the man who can discover a new copper-producing district can get more money for his find than any one ever got for a rich gold "claim." Copper-miners don't strike; they can afford to wear good clothes and educate their families, and many of them own stock in the mines in which they work.

North Carolina is trying some lynchers and expects to convict them. Only one negro has been lynched in North Carolina in two years—not because black blood is cleaner there than elsewhere, but because when a man is charged with criminal assault a special term of court is at once ordered by the Governor, the accused is promptly tried, and if found guilty he is soon hanged. Certain other States ought to adopt the same plan, if only to whitewash their past reputations.

It is to be regretted that a recent German court sentence cannot be used as a precedent over here. A professional marksman having wounded his fiancée on the stage while shooting an apple from her head, *a la* William Tell, he was sent to prison for six months "for pandering to the popular lust for excitement." The principal delight of observing tight-rope walking over gorges, trapeze performances from balloon cars, leaps from great heights, etc., is in the excitement caused by the risk of life and limb, and it does not differ in demoralizing savagery from that of the bull-fight or knife-fray.

Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania has set a good and needed example to other States' executives by vetoing an appropriation bill for five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of the two Houses of the State Legislature in attending the Grant Monument ceremonies. His reason was that he believed the bill provided for an improper expenditure of the public funds. "It is nowhere made the duty of the Legislature to attend public occasions of this kind in their official capacity, however worthy they may be, and therefore the payment of the expenses out of the public treasury cannot be justified." Such talk will not cause Legislatures to vote Governors into the United States Senate, where all clever Governors expect to go, but it will bring some of the first principles of personal and official honesty to the attention of the members—a reminder which no class of men more greatly needs.

It is announced that the Invalid Aid Society, organized five years ago to care specially for consumptives, has given attention to more than two hundred sufferers, nine in ten of whom have recovered. The method has been the very simple one of sending consumptives, in the earlier stages of the disease, to the rarefied air of the drier regions of the South and West and to the tablelands of Mexico, and advising them to remain there. The society does not profess to do anything that might not be done by an invalid's family or friends, and this mention of its work is only to renew the assurance that the malady most dreaded by Americans will yield to proper atmospheric surroundings if attention to individual cases be promptly given.



Silver continues to decline in price, although not in the quantity mined and sold. The fluctuations in price have been so great in Mexico, the most stable of silver-standard countries, that business has been seriously disturbed and the premium on gold has increased rapidly—certainly not because gold is scarce. A close watch of the commercial reports from Mexico ought to be of service to the silver discussion in our own country, and specially so because the brain-muddling effects of a political campaign or a session of Congress are now being spared us.

There is joy in the Louisiana sugar plantations over a sudden and large increase of wages following the new tariff rates on sugar. How much the rejoicings may be re-echoed throughout the country will depend upon the stock-in-hand of human selfishness, for the increase of wages comes only indirectly from the pockets of the plantation-owners; we the people, who consume the sugar, and who hereafter are to pay an advance of about a cent a pound for it, are the real paymasters. This is one of the economic topics—which does not concern itself with sugar alone—that is worthy of being turned over in the mind of any one who is short of subjects for thought.

Although much indignation has been expressed on this side of the line regarding Canada's taxes and other restrictions on mining in the Klondike region, many Americans who are not going to the diggings will be glad to observe the workings of the experiment of collecting royalties from gold-miners. Because all civilized nations but Russia allow their gold and silver deposits to be taken by any one who may discover the precious metals, it does not necessarily follow that this shall continue. The gold in Canada's public lands is Canada's own, and if it can be made to yield a revenue without discouraging the miners there is no reason why it should not do so. Besides, not all the gold in the extreme Northwest is on Canada's side of the line; according to the reports of geologists by far the greater portion will be found in Alaska proper, and many Canadians will want to dig for it; then Canada's royalty methods, if successful, may be adopted by the United States to the great gain of our treasury, for our finances promise to show a deficit for a year or two to come.

Allowance should be made, too, for Canada's pressing need of money. The Dominion is staggering under a tremendous burden of debt—a debt which amounts to about fifty dollars per head on every man, woman and child in Canada, which is more than twice as great as that of the American people. We have many resources and a rapidly increasing population; Canada has not. Nations may and must do startling things when threatened by debt or deficit; within a month the United States have adopted a tariff list, avowedly to make good its annual deficit, that has enraged ten thousand times as many foreigners as will be affected by the Klondike mining royalties. Should the Canadian government be wise enough to maintain absolute order in the mining regions, make roadways to the coast and establish depositories for the gold dust, giving government certificates therefor, so that no one may be robbed, she may lead and teach the world in the proper development of mining regions.

Quite different from the mass of wearying, nauseating "end-of-the-century" stuff that has been talked and printed by shallow-pated persons is the Church of Rome's announcement of coming extraordinary services of reverence and gratitude to mark the passing of the nineteenth century. The most common man need not search long in history or even in his own memory to convince himself that the last hundred years have constituted the most extraordinary period of humanity's betterment. Despite many individual accidents and reversions, such as are inevitable in any period of great and rapid changes no matter how good in themselves, humanity in general has been so amazingly benefited that only the most ignorant or romantic man can wish he might have lived in the days and surroundings of his great-grandfather. This being plain to the sordid and materialistic sense, it is doubly proper that the religious world should make the end of the century the occasion of greater demonstrations of loyalty and thanksgiving than has ever yet been attempted, and that all churches should follow the example of the one that has taken the lead in the matter.

It is to be hoped that the details of some sufferings recently inflicted during experiments with the mysterious X-rays may be reported so widely as to warn the people in general against exposure to forces and influences not yet fully understood. Most human beings are as full of curiosity as so many monkeys, and are eager to try anything that has newness to commend it, be it a new religion or merely a new quack medicine. Although scientists of long experience and reputation are still regarding the X-rays as in their experimental stage, the country is full of enterprising showmen who are neither scientists nor surgeons, yet who for a consideration will bring the X-rays to bear upon anything from a block of wood to the most sensitive of human organs. These men are quite as great a menace to individual safety as were the many quacks and rogues calling themselves "hypnotic physicians," that covered the country a year or two ago and have not yet been fully suppressed. Regarding personal applications of un-

known powers there is wisdom in the homely saying, "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw."

One result of the Queen's Jubilee celebration was that our cruiser "Brooklyn" struck the British navy's most vital part—its head—and Britain has made a supplemental estimate to her naval appropriation so that she may have four new cruisers as much like the "Brooklyn" and "New York" as possible. When representatives of the navies of the world attended the opening of the Kiel Canal our cruiser "New York" was admired above any and all others; at the Jubilee naval review the "Brooklyn" was the observed of all expert observers. These two vessels are entirely American in design as well as in construction—a fact highly creditable to a nation which twenty years ago had not a single modern war vessel nor saw any probability of getting one, and which afterward had to send over to England for plans on which to build its new ships.

Three fatal accidents in a week among the members of a Western club of mountain-climbers suggest that there are other venturesome spirits besides bridge-jumpers who ought to be subjected to some restrictions. Mountain-climbing has long since ceased to be of special value to geography and other sciences except in the exploration of very new countries; it is a personal indulgence—manly, spirited, courageous, enduring and delightful—but still an indulgence; and, unfortunately, the men who become victims of it are much too estimable to be spared without an earnest protest.

Men whose business it is to read newspapers of all sections of the country report that there is a sudden dearth of blasts at the money-power in the journals of the States interested principally in farming. Banks are no longer being abused, except for not paying higher interest on deposits, and railway companies are being mentioned respectfully and told that stock in desired extensions of their lines may be marketed in the sections to be benefited. Even the Shylock East is being "let up on" and is being begged to borrow or otherwise invest the surplus of Western banks. The reason is plain enough; the farmers have made a lot of money; they have done so well that but few wish to borrow and the greater number have paid their debts and have money to lend. All of this goes to show how little sense there was in the storm of grumbling that raged for several years and that was at its worst during the last Presidential campaign. If the farmers are wise they save their surplus against coming years when crops may be smaller or prices lower; lean years follow fat ones as persistently as they did in the days of Joseph and Pharaoh in Egypt, the most fertile country of the world.

There is also a significant silence regarding the "cornering" of wheat for the purpose of raising the price. It is true that some of the cornering is being done by a knot of capitalists who never did anything for the producer or consumer or for any one else but themselves, and that their sole purpose is to "lock up" wheat so that their own stock may bring a very high price. The reason that little is being said against them is that many farmers who did not sell their crops in advance of harvest have gone into the cornering business for themselves, agreeing with one another to sell no wheat until the market price rises to a dollar or more, from which it appears that "corners" are wicked only when the wrong men engineer them.

With the new duties on sugar will come a revival of the beet-sugar craze, and farmers must harden their heads and sharpen their wits if they would withstand it and spare themselves possible trouble. What has been done in Germany and France with sugar beets may be done here, but there will be no profit in it for the reason that farm and factory labor costs far more here than in Europe. German and French sugar-mills can make money out of beets containing a proportion of saccharine matter small enough to prevent profit in this country. These are important facts which will not be stated by the enterprising chaps who will travel through the farming districts to sell beet seed "warranted to be very best," nor by the sugar-machinery agents who show farmers and merchants how to organize a sugar-mill company—to buy machinery. The best that can be done with the sugar beet, next year, in localities where it has not been tested, is to plant small trial plots, on different kinds of land, and have the different yields carefully analyzed for percentage of sugar. There need be no loss in this, for the roots will pay for themselves if fed to cattle.

Another business which has received a great impetus from the new tariff is orange-growing, for hereafter there is to be a duty of a dollar and a half a barrel on foreign oranges. Unlike sugar, however, the orange is not likely to rise in price proportionately to the duty, for the home supply does not fall far short of meeting the demand except during that fraction of the orange season in which there is no home supply. One hundred thousand orange trees have been set out this season in Louisiana alone, and the Louisianians have no reason to fear frosts such as ruined many Florida orange groves a year or two ago.

An American branch of a foreign society, of non-political and commendable purpose, received last Sunday a lesson in etiquette which should be largely taught.

In its marching procession were two flags, one of which, the Stars and Stripes, was borne in the rear. The police stopped the parade until the Union colors were brought to the front, saying "The Stars and Stripes should have the precedence in a parade in this country," and the foreign-born citizens, who had meant no harm, were compelled to understand it. In cold reason, a flag is merely a bit of party-colored fabric, just as a cross is merely two sticks, but when it becomes an emblem it must be treated accordingly or it is worse than useless.

The report that a New York defaulter has been found to be identical with a member of the gang that a year or two ago bled the young French millionaire Max Lebaudy out of his fortune will astonish no one who knows how easy it is for a European sharper to impose himself upon Americans. For some reason which is not toadyism many Americans who are too wide-awake to be tricked by native scamps are easily hoodwinked by adventurers from over the water. Cases of the kind get into print every year, and more are suppressed. One of the victims of such scamps was the late Jay Gould, who could hold his own to any extent against the home supply of confidence men. Is the capacity to "size up" men bounded by nationality?

Some newspaper writers are rejoicing over the new tariff exactions upon American tourists returning from Europe; they write as if only millionaires and other "swells" are given to visiting England and the Continent and buying things to bring home. A few moments' talk with any New York banker or customs inspector would teach any one that the great majority of Americans who go abroad and carry their taste and their spare cash with them are of the unobtrusive class that earns its vacations and knows what to do with them. Books, pictures and bric-a-brac are brought over every year by lawyers, clergymen, farmers, merchants and school teachers from every State of the Union, and these clever people are further noticeable for not bringing any foreign airs back with them.

The approaching annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic reminds me to inform many old comrades and Americans in general that among the honorary members who wear the order's medal is our late yellow-jacketed visitor, Li Hung Chang. Probably the honor was conferred upon him because he put down a great rebellion himself, many years ago, although he had to get an Englishman to help him; the Englishman being General Gordon, who was killed at Khartoum by the Mahdi's men several years ago, and who has since been mourned by Englishmen of all political colors. Gordon is said to be the man who elicited from an American the highest compliment ever paid to the gallant fellows who fought on the Southern side during our Civil War. He asked why it was that the Union spent four years in putting down the uprising. "Because the men we were fighting were Americans," was the reply.

## TABLE TALK.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE story of Tigerat which has been floating up from Florida is one that, if true, will bear repetition, and if untrue, may serve as scenario for some novelist to be. Tigerat is, or rather was, an Indian. It was in the neighborhood of Fort Lauderdale that he had his tent. Save for himself it was vacant. In the wide leisuress of the long, green afternoons Tigerat grew lonely, and, the loneliness increasing, he induced the wife of a local chief to elope. They were missed, pursued and captured. A tribal council was held, and in accordance with the canons of its law sentence was pronounced. At the edge of a neighboring lagoon two stakes were driven. Tigerat was bound to one, the chief's wife was bound to the other. Between them a dog was tied. The sun that had risen, sank. Throughout the day they had been without food, without drink. But that sun had batted where they stood. It broiled them. As it sank, there was a brief relief. Then the dog barked. Above the edge of the lagoon the head of an alligator emerged. Presently others appeared. Leisurely they ascended the little slope, and leisurely, too, they devoured the dog. It was the turn of Tigerat next. The woman saw his legs disappear, saw long strips of flesh torn from his body, saw him eaten alive, shrieked for mercy and shrieked in vain. It was her turn then. In the morning, on the edge of the lagoon, there were pools of commingling blood, two stakes upright still, and a sentence that had been executed.

Germany has invented a new crime, or, rather, it has succeeded in codifying an old offense which hitherto the law has been impotent to punish. In Berlin last week a professional marksman, while performing with a young woman to whom he was engaged, wounded her slightly and from a local Solomon got six months, on the ground that he had been pandering to the popular lust for excitement. If that is not justice it resembles it so well that it would do no harm to administer a few samples of it here. Last winter a music-hall provided an entertainment which purported to represent a fancy ball. If more utter drivel has ever been conceived it has never been produced. It was a perfect example of perfect rot. But a fancy ball had just been given by a



lady in this city, the name chosen rhymed with hers, and the house was full. In another music-hall a septette of little girls whom their press agent had made famous, or rather infamous, through the recital of the scandals which they had created abroad, were announced to appear. There, too, the house was full. Incidents of this kind could be multiplied into columns. There is no art in these performances, so far as I am capable of judging there is no amusement either. Yet they take, and in taking differ from the representations of the Berliners marksman only in that they are worse. It is a pity that the German Solomon can't come to judgment here.

A marriage occurred at Rheims last week which is of interest, if not literally to all the world, at least to every one of its politer sections. The participants were the Comte de Mun and Mlle. de Werlé, young people of whom in this part of the planet few have ever heard and yet who are nonetheless significant. But the names of some of the guests are tolerably familiar to us all. There was the Comtesse Roederer, the Comtesse de Montebello, the Duchesse d'Uzès, and the Marquis de Champagne. It was a gathering of the brands. The bride is a descendant of the house of Cliquot. The founder of that house, the celebrated Veuve, was the daughter of a cloth manufacturer. Her husband, Cliquot, was a banker. It was as a pastime, for the fun of the thing, that he became an amateur wine-grower and sold to friends and acquaintances the products of vineyards situated in the then little-known district of Champagne. When he died his widow was but twenty-eight. Her resources were meager. What had been but a recreation to her husband became a business to her. She invented a process for clarifying wine, improved its quality and made her label known. That was in the latter part of the last century. She had one child, a girl, whose granddaughter is the present dowager duchess of Uzès. Werlé, the grandfather of the bride of last week, entered the house of Cliquot as an employee. In 1821 he became a partner and in 1866 sole proprietor of the brand. Monarchical in principle and conservative in ideas he was the last of the other champagne-makers to fall into line and produce dry wine instead of sweet. But change he did, and the cups drunk at the wedding were of that very excellent variety which is known as Brut. Vive la compagnie.

The Boston "Herald" has recently had a word or two to say on the subject of D'Azeglio, whom it describes as the most decadent of novelists. Personally I have never heard of the gentleman and I doubt if any one else has. But the term decadent which the "Herald" flings around is interesting. D'Azeglio being the worst, there must be others. In that case who are they? What are they? Where are they? A decadent school of verse there is. It exists in France with affiliations throughout Europe and this country. Barring impropriety of conception the main object of the school is obscurity of thought. On the Boulevard Michel they have their own café. They have their own publisher and their own public. The latter are exclusively themselves. But who are the decadent novelists? The decadent writers of antiquity were at once historians and stylists. They tortured Latin into curious twists. They were great in neologisms. They were great, too, in detaining the novelties of barbarian speech. Like the little poets in Paris it was their aim not to instruct but to astound. Failing in the effort they succeeded in boring themselves. So, too, have the idlers on the Boulevard Michel. But where are the decadent novelists? A poet may be obscure if it pleases him. The historian usually is whether he wants to or not. The duty of the novelist is to entertain, to amuse, or else to hold his peace. Individually he may be obscure, very often he is. Yet if his prose is not limpid, if his plots are not clear, he might as well turn grocer at once. There are no decadent novelists. But there are two or three decadent newspapers and among them is the Boston "Herald."

Mary Kabeck, who was to have been married on the morrow, committed suicide one day last week. It was not because of the man who was to become her husband nor yet because her heart was elsewhere engaged, but because marriage itself was abhorrent, or, rather, because she had been in search of that little blue flower which is called the ideal. But she had sought it without, instead of within. The one affection worth having, the only one worthy of the name, the affection which she wanted, is a love that resolutely and undeviatingly crosses the currents of life as a swimmer breasts the waves of the sea. Into a love such as that other loves may enter, it is the heart of them all. But then such an affection is rare, only those who have lost it know what it means. And yet in the lives of certain people there will come a day and into that day an hour when all that the world can offer is meaningless beside the dream of an affection which exists for them alone, a love that nothing can alter, that cannot only forgive but console. They may lose whatever is most essential and grow accustomed to the loss—health, wealth, esteem all may go, but if they have not that they are poor indeed. Mary Kabeck was one of this class. It was in despair of encountering an affection of that order that the act was done. The pity is there was no

one to tell her that to possess such an affection it must be inspired first.

In matters cycling the Schariway is the latest. It comes from Russia, but not, I am convinced, to stay. Its history is quaint. In St. Petersburg recently there has been a gale similar to that which last week invaded our coast. Through the parks ladies biked, and among them some there were whose dress, because of the gale, became too pneumatic. Little granddukes and future grandduchesses looked on and laughed. The conjunction of these incidents were such that the police stepped in, stepped out, and cogitated what might best be done. As a result it was resolved to send a commission to other lands in search of an ideally modest dress. Whether the commission went or whether it lolled about town and consulted fashion sheets is a problem over which one may speculate yet never solve. This, however, is certain, a report has been published and a decree pronounced. Hereafter ladies who cycle in Russia have their choice between the Schariway and the Reform. But one or the other they must wear, unless it should so happen that they wish to wear both. The Schariway is municipally defined as a jacket and medieval white pantaloons, and the Reform as a garment in which jacket and trousers are one. That ladies may kick in them is clear, but they will kick against pains and penalties which will deter them from kicking twice. The edict is paternal, perhaps, and the costume may be becoming, but we don't want either of them here.

That prosperity is revisiting the West bank clearings and other indicia show. That the same signs are not as visible in the South is patent to every observer. There is a cause for all things and there is one for this. The West invites immigration, so too does the South. But the West, which used to be lawless enough, is now as orderly as you please, whereas the South, which used to be highly decorous, is getting a pretty bad name. Both are fertile. But in the first there are courts for the proper distribution of justice, while over some of the courts of the second Judge Lynch presides. Summary proceedings have had, and may still have, their advantage, but to the section of the country in which they are practiced the harm they do exceeds the good. Every time a lynching occurs it is printed wherever newspapers are. It is read in the East, it is read in the West, it is read all over Europe. It deters possible emigrants. People who are deciding whether to go resolutely avoid sections where mobs are laws unto themselves and where legal processes are vacated by violence. It may seem very stupid of them to do so. We all know that an honest man is as safe in the South as he is in Central Park. But acts of this character terrify the emigrant as readily as do cannibalistic tales. He avoids Fiji and he avoids the South. The result is that lynching, while not the deterrent to crime that it might be, is a distinct loss to the State and a hindrance to that general prosperity which the nation demands.

The University of California's plan to build for itself a splendid home is excellent. We can't have enough handsome edifices. They are a caress to the eye and an exultation to the heart. Those that we have are far from sufficient. Our show-places are wonderfully and woefully few. The desire which this University has manifested for something superbly architectural cannot therefore be adequately praised. But the point is elsewhere. Handsome halls of learning are good, sound instruction within them is better. The University of California, however, is no laggard in lore. The eminence which it has achieved among local schools of learning is patent to all the world. The one difficulty which hereafter it may be called upon to meet, and to defeat, will be that of keeping the standard of its educational advantages in consonance with the beauty of its surroundings. That accomplished, the fair nose of Harvard will be out of joint. Westward the course of learning will wend its way. Young men who don't care a snap whether school keeps or not will be attracted by the climate. Young men who have to count the pennies will be coerced by the inexpensiveness of California life. Those who wish to read, learn and inwardly digest will have every opportunity, and those for whom palatial existence has charms will be suited down to the ground. Il y en aura pour tous les goûts. The scheme is so splendid and spacious that the East may ungrudgingly wish it success.

The incident in the East being now terminated, the reason why Greece went to smash is in order. In the first place, against four hundred and fifty thousand Turks she had but eighty thousand men to contend for her. Had that force been everything it should have been, the war which she was encouraged to declare would still have been suicidal; but it was utterly untrained, its chief characteristic consisting in the absence of any. In the second place, arms were as infrequent as discipline. When the war began eighty thousand rifles were ordered. They were delivered when the war was at an end. In the third place, the only cartridges supplied were so defective that at less than four hundred yards range their execution was nil. In the fourth place, throughout Thessaly there were flights, not fights. Not one real battle was fought.

But primarily there was no head, no compass, no pilot, no plan of campaign, no leader. The soldiers set out from Athens to the strains of Offenbach. It was opera bouffe from first to last. At Janina the game, through a fluke, was in their hands. They disdained it. At Epirus the moment they were threatened they fled. To victory they preferred a rout. In the circumstances it is not singular that Greece went to smash; it would have been marvelous if she hadn't. What future she has is problematic. Dr. Dillon, in an article in the current issue of "Contemporary," says that after having "out-lived a world's decay, died and risen Lazarus-like from her tomb, she has managed to belie the prophecies of poets and to drift into a national Nirvana." The phrase is good, yet, as Nirvana is a state of peace which passeth all understanding, if Dr. Dillon's view is correct at least her days of strife are ended. How she is going to pay the indemnity is a different guitar. In discussing the subject a short time ago, one of her children made in my hearing this significant and thoroughly Hellenic remark: "If Turkey will take it out in promises we are saved." I don't doubt it. Promettre et tenir sont deux. Between promise and fulfillment there is always a gap.

The three C's—Commerce, Conquest and Conversion—form the subject of a recent and pertinent paper by Sir Henry Tyler, in which, after an exhaustive historical summary, he demonstrates that the directions of the lines of communication, or, more exactly, the dominating motives for movement, have been determined wholly by them. There are now in operation throughout the world about four hundred and sixty-six thousand miles of railway, which Sir Henry roughly estimates have been constructed at a cost of sixty billion dollars. There are thirty thousand ocean vessels, representing an aggregate tonnage of over twenty-five million. The amount of money expended in canals, street lines, telegraph and postal work, while enormous, conveys but a meager idea of the labor which they have necessitated and the benefits they have produced. These statistics, together with facts and incidents drawn from personal experience, are one and all advanced to show the advantages of unimpeded communication and the errors of restriction. In proportion to the cheapness, rapidity, ease and freedom with which passengers and freight can be profitably conveyed and information exchanged, so is prosperity attained, civilization promoted, and knowledge increased. It is the restrictions obtained by monopolies, subsidized industries, politically favored branches of business, and other unnatural sources of temporary prosperity, which stimulate results wholly artificial, and which ultimately combine against the wealth not alone of the nation, but of the individual as well.

Statistics show a marked decrease in ocean travel. Ships which used to leave this port freighted with pretty girls, profound young men, and prudent papas, go forth, vast, commodious and empty. It has been alleged that their charges have grown exorbitant, and that that is the cause. It may be. It has been alleged that the tariff is at fault. Perhaps. The effect has been attributed to hard times. I doubt it. There was an epoch, by no means remote, when people went to Europe for two reasons: first, to enjoy themselves; second, for purposes economic. Enjoyment is still obtainable, but the economical features have vanished. In the Ardennes life is still tolerably inexpensive, so it is, too, among the Bavarian Alps and in certain leisurely districts of Italy. But in the capitals, in London, in Paris, Vienna, wherever there are other spectacles than those which nature affords, wherever Fashion is and tourists congregate, prices have risen to heights that flabbergast millionaires. The era in which you could pass a summer abroad and save money is at an end. Gone, too, is the era in which you could run over and back, pay your passage both ways, and get a winter wardrobe for less than the clothes cost here. Other days other custom-houses.

Apropos to which, now that the hundred dollar limit is in force, the use of the radiograph will save time, trouble, annoyance, perjury, and profanity too. It has been adopted in France, and presently will be adopted wherever custom-houses are. So simple that a child could manipulate it; the fittings resemble those of an ordinary X-ray machine supplied with Crookes bulbs, while the lognette part is just like the front of a camera. It differs, however, from the Röntgen arrangement in this beautiful particular—obscurity is no longer necessary. Moreover, snap shots are possible. In Paris recently a lady alighted from a train. Without even touching her the officials were able to see that in her pocket was a bottleful of diamonds, that she had rings in her hair and bracelets about her ankles. But the bother which it will save is important. No more parcels need be unfastened, no more trunks need be unpacked. The first object to which it was officially applied was a valise. Hidden in the folds of a jacket a revolver reposed. Its detection was immediate. The valise was then opened, and it was charming to observe the needless ingenuity with which the weapon had been concealed. But that is not all. The radiograph will be a handy thing to have about the house. With it the career of the fugacious collar button is at an end, so too



is the infernal machine. It will be welcome on the Klondyke; every self-respecting burglar will have one in his kit, and, leveled at a woman's heart, what mysteries it may disclose!

Mr. John A. Cooper, in the course of a recent and jubilant review of Victorian progress, says that no country on the face of the globe has produced proportionately so many volumes of verse as has Canada. Local acquaintance with them, however, must be slight. Frechette is Canada's foremost singer, yet in a recent tour through Fifth Avenue book-shops I was unable to get a copy of his masterpiece, the "Fleurs Boréales." I was unable even to get the promise of one. Professor Roberts is another Canadian singer of whom local trade is profoundly ignorant. But then for general stupidity commend me to a book-shop. Yet it is not alone in verse that Canada is distinguished. Mr. Cooper claims that her newspapers reach a standard superior to that of most other countries, and that she has the best educational system on earth. Commercially her wealth has, during the present century, increased a hundred-fold. In 1837 her total annual trade was less than thirty million. To-day it exceeds two hundred. Where in 1837 there were fifteen miles of railroad there are now fifteen thousand, and where in 1837 there were but a half dozen isolated and disconnected colonies, stands now a nation which in federal, provincial and municipal government Mr. Cooper declares to be unequalled anywhere. Mr. Cooper is enthusiastic and with reason. Canada is a splendid country, and what is more to the point, she is a very agreeable neighbor. It is time for Mexico to get in line.

When Lord Palmerston was accosted by any one whom he did not remember, it was his amiable custom to exclaim, "How is the old complaint?"—a greeting which he found serviceable in nine cases out of ten. For almost every one he believed has a screw loose somewhere. Dr. Charles W. Purdy either thinks so too, or else, having nothing else to write about, cast around until he hit on that old complaint. According to this gentleman, the trouble is due to the fact that we all eat too much meat and die of Bright's, heart failure and allied diseases, at a time when we might otherwise be thinking of getting married again. But meat is not as sudden in its effects as sugar, of which we consume a pound to every half dozen bottles of champagne, and six grains to every ounce of beer. Starch, too, is another thing that doesn't make old bones. Cakes, oatmeal, the various cereals of the breakfast table, we should recommend to our enemies and avoid with care. Such at least is the sum and substance of views which Dr. Purdy expresses in a recent issue of the "North American." They are not very original, yet what they lack in novelty they make up in common sense. A strong man who leads a sedentary life will find their observance serviceable. A weak one might go further and fare worse. But the normal man who leads a normal life need not, science maintains, bother his head in picking and choosing.

Mr. Havelock Ellis has recently conducted an entertaining examination of the question whether there is any connection between brains and height, and decides that, while there is, it is not the connection generally believed to exist. There is a proverb which holds that good stuff is put into small bundles, and, since the memory of man runs not to the contrary, dwarfs have been regarded as exceptionally bright. But not, however, by Mr. Ellis. To him there is no truth in the proverb and less in the popular belief. He tabulates a number of notable people and shows that the majority were taller instead of being shorter than the average, which is all very well, and yet had he taken more notabilities he could have arrived at a totally different result. But Mr. Ellis did not wish to do that. There would have been no point in his story. Besides, although I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, I am certain that he is a big man, big at least in his own estimation, and I suspect that, wishing to be big in the estimation of others, he has just fished out a lot of names—Peter the Great, Columbus, Bunyan, Sir Philip Sidney, St. Thomas Aquinas, William the Silent—pointed to their intellectual inches and then, indirectly, to his own. After all, why shouldn't he? The secret of originality consists in taking a platitude and looking at it crooked, and that is precisely what this ingenious gentleman has done.

In the current issue of "Longmans," Mrs. Frankland has condensed a surprising lot of information on the surprises of spherules. According to this lady the wonders wrought by applied bacteriology are as yet barely appreciated. Everything, from plagues to poverty, it can be made their mission to destroy. They could tackle the gypsy moth that is ravaging certain sections of Massachusetts, and do up the rabbits that are eating Australia's heart. Their services in the dairy were long since expounded in this column, but Mrs. Frankland declares that they can turn crude must into tip-top claret, and the rankest tobacco into the best Havane. These achievements, however curious, are insignificant beside the good they have accomplished in the domain of preventative medicine. They have not only identified the particular micro-organisms of particular dis-

eases and revealed the active agents of anthrax, tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid, and erysipelas, but they have indicated the means by which these maladies may be mastered. The latest use to which bacteriology has been applied is in the treatment of the Indian plague, and yet, perhaps, foremost among the reforms which have followed in its wake is Listerism, or the antiseptic treatment of wounds. The microbe is a fine little fellow, and if, after his industrial and medicinal successes are established, we can train him to transform not merely must into claret, but stupidity into brains, the millennium will be in sight.

## MEN, MANNERS AND MOODS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LI.

RECENTLY it has occurred to me that we are snobs in more ways than current records affirm. "Aristocracy," whether its doings concern New York, Paris or London, makes material for the society columns of our newspapers. Calamities which occur among all people of note we commemorate and widely discuss. This was specially evident in the enormous amount of publicity given to the late burning of the Charity Bazaar here in Paris. And yet how much suffering goes on, from year to year, in all the great cities of the world, which we mention with a brief paragraph and then forever dismiss! Suffering, I mean, among the so-called lower classes. At the frightful Bazaar calamity, for example, people endured tortures untold. But these were brief. Necessarily they must have been. Here, however, is an instance of slow torture, gradual and hideous as anything which the Chinese are said to inflict upon their condemned criminals. A few days ago, among the rocks which verge the Channel waters a mile or so beyond Dieppe, it chanced that a young girl of about fourteen wandered out, at low tide, on an extremely lonely stretch of coast. Suddenly her foot caught in a fissure between two sharp-shelving rocks. She tried to withdraw it, and failed. The foot had become firmly wedged. Meanwhile, unable to move from this dreadful durance, the poor girl must have cried herself hoarse for help. But no help came; not a soul was within ear-shot. And gradually the tide rose higher and higher. Conceive of the anguish such a lingering death must have wrought! Conceive of the frantic efforts to break loose—of the young, healthful life gripped thus by an abrupt and fiendish doom! And at last the waters reached her lips, closed over her head. Hours afterward they receded, leaving her drenched corpse still piteously pinioned by an ankle. . . . Well, was the agony of the Duchesse D'Alencon half so great as this ill-starred creature's? Even Marie Antoinette in the *Conciergerie* and on the scaffold suffered differently—but did she suffer more? And yet the torment of this obscure little Dieppe peasant will be forgotten in six months, except by those who loved her. . . . Except by those who loved her! In that thought there is at least some sort of compensating tenderness and charm.

The other day, while strolling down the *Boulevard des Italiens*, whom should I meet but my Merry Minnesinger, face to face?

"What on earth," I asked, "are you doing in Paris?"

"I came to see you."

"Don't fib quite so prodigally, Minnesinger," I reproved, with a genuine frown. "You know you came over to the Jubilee, and then crossed the Channel to get a good dinner at *Leon's* or *Paillet's*."

"A poor verse-scribbler like me!" sighed the Minnesinger, with great gloom. "Say, rather, a dinner at *Duval's*, and a very plain one at that. . . . Honestly, I knew you were here, and meant to call upon you this afternoon. I want your advice. I have conceived the idea of gathering together all the choruses you have been good enough to print for me, and to call my little volume 'The Masque of the Great Republic.' Don't you think it a neat idea?"

"M-m . . . hardly, Minnesinger," I replied. "In the first place, the public, just now, loathes poetry—"

"Mine isn't poetry. It's satire. Still, I have composed an opening speech for the goddess *Respublica*, which has a few effective touches. It is to her that all my 'choruses,' one after another, will address themselves. . . . Ah, here is the *Café des Américains*. Shall we seat ourselves below its canopy in true Bohemian fashion while I read you 'Respublica's' Prologue, conceived after the manner of the old Greek tragedies? . . ."

"A century since, while Europe bled with stings Dealt her by plunderous and tyrannic kings, I fought the insurgent ocean till I found Here in the West my valorous vantage-ground. Long has it seemed fair freedom's gain and goal To my serene and unsuspecting soul. But now still regnant in its realm immense, I feel grim doubts fly darkening o'er my sense. About me, like mysterious mists, are shed Omens and murmurs big with solemn dread. Nay, careless have I worn the unconscious yoke Of opiate spells achievement may invoke? If this be true, if I for years have lain Lapt in false fancies of a prosperous reign, If tarnished be the golden dower I won Through the wise daring of my Washington,

If languid memories lightly hold to-day My leonine Webster, my intrepid Clay, If radiant in my realm no more abide Ideals of honor, dignity and pride, Then haste, rash millions, rallying at the shrine Where I, your angered goddess, dawn divine, And tell what impious folly bids ye swerve Disloyal from large creeds I bade ye serve! Come, gathering at my mandate, nor essay The august *Respublica* to disobey!"

"Not bad, not at all bad, my dear Minnesinger," I said, sipping my *menthe d'eau*, and watching a lady who just then tripped past the *café* with at least ten varieties of flowers jumbled together on the top and brim of her straw hat. "And so, one after one, those choruses address the 'mighty mother'? How disgusted she must be by their flippancies and fatuities!"

"She is, and she openly declares as much, in a series of incidental couplets which I shall not read you. But there is one more chorus which I have composed, and which I think you will like. It immediately follows the Prologue, and I call it 'A Chorus of Statesmen.'"

"'A Chorus of Statesmen'?" I repeated. "Well, read it, if you please, Minnesinger, but do not ask me to transcribe it in my 'Men, Manners and Moods.' The Powers that control *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* have specially forbidden me to touch upon politics. I suspect that they realize how completely imbecile I am whenever I presume to do so."

"Oh, perhaps they are quite right," returned the Minnesinger, with a coolly innocent impertinence that made me want to box his ears. "But my 'Chorus of Statesmen' isn't politics. It's only ironic doggerel."

"When you run down your work like that, Minnesinger," I said, tartly, while not at all mollified, "I always suspect that you think it something particularly fine."

"You told me a little while ago," said my companion, with a hurt look, "that you thought Paris cooking disagreed with you, and I begin to believe it does. If you really don't care to hear my 'Chorus,' which is the last (though really the first) of my prospective book, you have only to say so, and we will stroll into the *Musée Grévin* together, or take a drive on the *Bois*."

I at once placated the Minnesinger, for I am, as *fond*, very fond of him, and he knows it, and has subtle little ways of winding me round his finger. And so, above the hoof-clatters on the asphalt I soon found myself once more listening to his peculiarly sweet and vibrant voice, while he read me his "Chorus of Statesmen."

"Honored mother, mighty goddess, let our speech be soft as satin,

While we answer you in threadbare though indisputable Latin.

Stroking magisterial whiskers, free from all irreverent banter,

By your leave we beg to tell you frankly—*tempora mutantur*.

Love of country is a virtue which at school we thought substantial;

But in later life its maxims lack the element financial.

Here we are, a throng of rulers, loving truth and loth to shock it,

Yet convinced of how corruption crams the impecunious pocket.

In this curious age 'tis certain (so confess we, Arch-Confessor!)

That the patriot's way is harder than the way of the transgressor.

Fraud and bribery loom as monsters to the struggling politician,

But when once elected lure him like the rosiest rhetorician.

That we're guardians of the people is a fact by none refuted,

But the people are such idiots in the way of being looted!

'Deals,' 'divides' and slippery squirmings rouse, of course, their execration.

Yet they somehow always show it with such languid indignation!

Tricked by pompous talk no taller than some village's church-steeple,

Drooling babes are not more babyish than that big old babe, the people!

Blame us not if we, their servants, feel our honesty has dwindled,

When we note with what complaisance they submit to being swindled.

Insolently fooled to-day by those that fairly should have ruled them,

They'll to-morrow, at the polls, re-vote for just the men that fooled them.

There, forsooth, lies our temptation's one most powerful incentive:

Rectitude's in piteous case when roguery's robbed of all preventive!

Hence, dread goddess, heed our protests; weigh the palliatives within them;

Lentily absolve our sins, because we can so safely sin them."

The "Tribune," I observe, is in one of its scathing moods toward the Laureate's recent Jubilee Ode. This is the highly refined way in which it chooses to mention Mr. Alfred Austin's work. I beg that the reader will note how aloof from all Bowery or Eighth Avenue slang is the following comment, and how much dignity and culture are blended in its graceful periods:

"For badness of Jubilee Odes it is pretty nearly nip



and tuck between the Laureate and the author of 'The Hades of an Epic'; but at this range the Laureate seems to be about a half a huckleberry ahead."

This is certainly vivid, if neither elegant nor classic. No wonder that the "Tribune" should lately have praised with vehemence what it believes to be "vigor" in poetic diction. Plainly, the above paragraph is not the first instance of coarsest ribaldry finding its way into this sheet—a publication that prided itself, only a few years ago, on respect for decent English. Such a passage as that which I have just quoted is not merely foolish; it is in the very most deplorable taste; the effect of its perusal upon any one of an unrowdyish and uncaddish type cannot fail to shock, to revolt. "The Hades of an Epic" is no doubt an attempt at pulverizing sarcasm on the subject of Sir Lewis Morris's "Epic of Hades." But what makes the "Tribune's" vulgar silliness all the more silly is the fact that Mr. Alfred Austin has written, this time, a poem by no means bad. His theme was excessively difficult, for he was handicapped in the cruelest way by similar work of distinguished predecessors. But, nevertheless, no unprejudiced person could possibly sneer at Mr. Austin's ode. The "Tribune" critic can, because he is too evidently the same sort of amusing neophyte who took for granted that Mr. Aldrich's "Judith and Holofernes" was a poem quite fresh from its author's pen, and did not know enough about the drift of American letters during twenty years past to tell that it was an old work, re-edited and refurbished. Because it had become the fashion to sneer at Mr. Austin as an indifferent bard, that was quite enough for the "Tribune" scribe. He did not take the trouble to examine this particular copy of verses. If he had done so would he not have been too ignorant to discover its merits? Mr. Austin had again attempted to write something metrical. Quite enough! It was safe to damn him, and to do so in such choice phrase as that he "seemed to be about a half a huckleberry ahead" of Sir Lewis Morris. I confess that the subtlety of this idiom quite escapes me. What does it mean for somebody to be half a huckleberry ahead of somebody else? Is "half a huckleberry" an epithet of greater contempt than "half a strawberry" or "half a currant"? Was the critic, through dread of personal retroactive effects, afraid to write "half a gooseberry"? Or was he obeying editorial orders and appealing to the "sympathies" of a "Western constituency"? Frankly, I should say that this appears probable; for on the opposite page of the "Tribune" I encountered the following series of "Jubilee" sentences, one of which, for obvious reasons, I will venture respectfully to italicise:

"Every inch a Queen! The words of Lear, adapted and transformed from woe to joy, befit Victoria to-day. She is every inch a Queen. She has been, for sixty years. She was, in the pearl and amethystine light of that June day-dawn long ago, when the glad, dreadful summons to the Throne was brought to her, and the girl's head, with its unbound tresses, bowed unconsciously beneath the weight of the yet un worn crown."

This sounds very much as if the "Tribune" office cat had gone to sleep on a volume of Mr. George Meredith and waked, miauling, from a severe nightmare. I wonder what the late Horace Greeley would have thought about "the pearl and amethystine light of that June day-dawn." I feel confident that it might even have made him thrust his other arm in his other overcoat armhole, not to speak of his throwing himself into a chair and hurling hieroglyphic characters upon a sheet of note-paper to the effect that a certain "employee" should at once be shown the door. And poor old dead-and-gone George Ripley, with his hate of gush and his reverence for literary self-restraint, how would he have liked that image of Queen Victoria's girl's head, with its unbound tresses, bowed unconsciously, *et cetera*, *et cetera*? . . . Notwithstanding all their grievous faults, both Mr. Austin and Sir Lewis Morris can surely do a little better than this!

One so often hears about cheap living in Paris. Always it is dinned into our ears that life in the great French metropolis is so much less expensive than almost anywhere else. So it is, if one chooses to take up one's permanent home there. But the ordinary tourist will by no means find it so. As long as he does not "go to housekeeping" he will detect between Paris and New York no appreciable monetary divergence. The prices at good Paris hotels are almost exactly the same as those at good New York hotels. Bills for washing are the same at the Grand Hotel or the Continental as at the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor. Decent wine, for luncheon or dinner, is not a whit cheaper on the boulevards than it is on Broadway. There are few good cigars in Paris, but if you want a fair one you must pay seven or eight cents more for it in the Hotel Chatham or "Henry's" than you pay in the Waldorf or the Gilsey House. Then comes the supremely important question of dining. Wasn't it Sidney Smith who said that since we can comfortably partake of only three hundred and sixty-five annual dinners, being confronted by a bad one is all the more a matter of calamity and pathos? There are people who will tell you that you can dine more cheaply in Paris than in New York. This I feel privileged to deny. You can dine for fifty cents in Paris, but not a whit better than for the same price on Sixth Avenue—a *table d'hôte* being meant in either case. Most of the two-franc-and-a-half dinners in Paris are excessively poor. Some of the four-franc-

and-a-half dinners are indifferent. At the swell Continental Hotel, on the Rue de Rivoli, there is a *table d'hôte* dinner for seven francs (one dollar and forty cents, which many rich English and Americans patronize. It is served in a very handsome hall, and with a great air of distinction. But it is not a specially well-cooked dinner, despite all the flourish which attends it. In truth, the really good restaurant dinners in Paris are at places where there is no fixed price on the bill-of-fare, and where you run the chance, if you are a foreigner, of being shamelessly overcharged.

Cheap living, on the other hand, provided one cares to ignore the hotels and restaurants and hire unfurnished apartments, is a totally opposite matter. Then, so to phrase it, life bristles with economies. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and even poor economic Brooklyn, become comparative dens of extravagance. There are people living in apartments on or near the *Champs Elysées*, for which they pay the relatively enormous sum of twenty-five thousand francs (five thousand dollars) a year, and whose accommodations, in luxury, in positive splendor, equal what ten thousand dollars a year could scarcely procure them. Not only are rents cheap in Paris, but servants' wages are almost a trifle when contrasted with those of transatlantic cooks, butlers, maids. A handsome equipage can be kept there for less than half what it would cost in America, and when I say less than half I leave perhaps thirty dollars a month ignored in my estimate. The moment you quit inns and *cafés* in Paris, the moment you attempt to establish a home there, *louis d'or* become francs and francs become centimes. This is why so many Americans of small yet regular incomes delight in the great French capital. They can live there in something very like luxury on the same money which would not lift them above the shabby-genteel in their native towns. And as for society, they are very often taken into the American colonial fold on the mere passports of good-behavior and a presentable appearance. The *grand monde Parisien* will rarely notice Americans in any social sense. This is not half so much because of patrician pride as because of national barriers. The French are a law unto themselves in all cases; they are satisfied with their own ways of thinking and acting, and other modes of thought and action jar upon them, distress them, confuse them. They seldom speak English at all, and they almost never speak it well. Americans, on the other hand, usually speak it, with whatever glibness, in a manner which bores them half to death. The truth is, they are a race profoundly self-satisfied. They have always, with their great powers of satiric ridicule, made fun of other races. For years (for centuries, in fact) they made fun of the Germans—that is, when they were not fighting them, and for the most part victoriously. Now that the Germans have conquered them they replace contempt by hate. With the English it was also for centuries very much the same. Now they respect the English, but do not love them. There is only one country which they love at present—Russia. And why? For the reason that they passionately hope Russia will hereafter aid them in regaining their lost Rhine provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and so save their wounded pride, which still remembers, with inextinguishable rancor, that second Waterloo, Sedan.

I have lately been honored by a little correspondence with the wonderful and brilliant *Ouida*. I am sure she will not think that I am betraying any confidence when I quote one or two sentences in a letter recently received from her. In speaking of her beautiful prose-poem, "Pascarel," *Ouida* writes: "Pascarel" is youth, and "The Massarenes" is experience; each has its own values. All that *chasse aux richesses* of the English aristocracy I have seen with my own eyes in London, and a very disgraceful thing it is to see." Again: "I would draw your attention to the psychology, to the 'true inwardness' of it" (meaning her astonishingly powerful novel, "The Massarenes"), "as you say in the States. 'Mouse' is essentially the English woman of her time and class. A Parisienne, or an Italian, would have managed her 'Billy' more diplomatically, while not plundering him less." Again: "I should be glad, were it possible, for you to correct the odious impression of me given so continually and unjustly in the American press." . . . Alas, I only wish it were possible for me to convince the American press, and every other institution, and every adverse individual force as well, that *Ouida*, though she has been a faulty writer in her youth, and though she has not been by any means a faultless one in her later career, is nevertheless a genius of splendid sweep and scope. Judge her by her best, and there is almost nothing better in the entire range of English letters. Judge her by her worst—well, I will pause here, and simply add that it has been her misfortune, her very curse, to be judged by her worst!

I went, the other evening, to a fairly good performance of "Carmen" at the *Opéra Comique*. The house was packed, and intensely appreciative. The singers were none of the very first rank, but "Carmen" somehow always carries an audience. I asked myself why, as I sat in an excellent *fautail d'orchestre*, and watched the story unfold itself. The vivid and dramatic music must alone account for the popularity of the opera. And yet, without any great performers even

the music seemed somewhat tame. As for the story, could anything be more brutal? *Carmen* herself is the essence of heartlessness and sensuality. She does not deserve to be stabbed by *Don José*; she deserves to live on and be beaten and generally maltreated (as would no doubt have proved her fate) by the handsome bull-fighter who has captivated her willful and cruel soul. You sympathize, in the opera, with no one save *Don José* himself; and yet when he plunges a knife into the breast of the woman he worships you feel that his love for her, after all, is of the coarser grade, reeking with that savage egotism which the world has now grown too civilized to accord the slightest sympathy. . . . One thing at the *Opéra Comique* refreshingly struck me. Every lady in the orchestra stalls, without a single exception, was hatless, bonnetless. You might have believed yourself at the Lyceum Theater in London; and so it has now become the custom at all Parisian theaters of the better class. If our New York ladies were only aware of just what kinds of women in Paris wear towering hats at places of public entertainment they would not wreak annoyance upon the spectators behind them. They were some rather aggressive hats in New York just before I left it, but in Paris the hats have now become mountainous. Many are of the most piercing tints—yellow, scarlet, and poignant pink. But where do you see them, rudely intercepting the vision of those who must crane their necks to catch a glimpse of the stage? At such inferior haunts of amusement as the *Folies Bergères* or the *Casino de Paris*. There they adorn feminine heads which are, for the most part, presumably giddy. Respected and self-respecting women in Paris do not, so far as I have found, consent to make nuisances of themselves in balconies or stalls. How pleasant if this might be recorded of like feminine New York theatergoers!

I think it highly improbable that there are more than two or three per cent of French women in all Paris who are not the loving mistresses of pet dogs. A great many of them have pet parrots as well, and the number of cherished cats would make a conspicuous throng, I should say, if all gathered together on the vast *Place de la Concorde*. Very beautiful are many of these Paris cats. Not a few of them are purest Angora, with the long hair, bushy tails and blue eyes of that breed by us held so rare. Then you constantly see cats which are the evident results of feline misalliances, Angora on one side, plebeian on the other. The "cross" may be ruinous to their value, as in the case of a dog, but it nevertheless is apt to make a very big, handsome and impressive cat. Most of the treasured dogs to which I have just referred are either spaniels or terriers of a delicate miniature type. In a shop-window on the *Rue St. Honoré*, the other day, I saw a curious sight. First my glance lighted on innumerable dog-collars, of every pattern, from grotesque to plain. Then I perceived, outspread beside these, various other articles of a strictly canine meaning. Altogether, they meant a full dog's toilet. There were little waterproof coats and costumes for fine weather, each containing pockets from which wee handkerchiefs gleamed. There were hats, too, and cozy hoods, and (queerest of all!) button-shoes, high enough to go well up the paw and hind-leg. I could not help thinking, while I surveyed all this pleasant absurdity, that it betrayed, with extraordinary clearness, the childish element which forms so dominant a part of the French feminine character. Their dogs are dolls to them, and what so pleases a child as to dress its doll?

The sculpture in the *salon* of the *Champs de Mars*, this year, does not equal, as I have already stated, that in the "regular" *salon* of the *Palais de l'Industrie*—does not, in fact, approach it. But, nevertheless, there are nine busts in the former gallery which deserve special note. They are by Ringel d'Illzach, a native of the Haut-Rhin, as his name would imply, and instead of being in marble or bronze or terra cotta they are in variegated unchangeable wax (*cire polychrome inaltérable*). M. D'Illzach has called these busts the *Nine Symphonies of Beethoven*, and when you first run your glance along their *bizarre* and *rococo* array you have an idea that they are meant as portraits of dissolute Roman empresses, like Agrippina, Messalina, and the rest. Every face has a ravaged beauty of its own, made intensely realistic and human by the colored wax from which it has been wrought. Then you look into your catalogue and read: "*Les Symphonies de Beethoven—neuf bustes*." After this you begin to re-examine the separate heads, lifted above their quaint pilaster-like pedestals of tawny polished wood. Gradually you discover that although the work of a genius they might as well be called *Nine Sorrows*, *Nine Agonies*, or *Nine Sins*, as the *Nine Symphonies* of Beethoven. Every face is a marvelous expression of emotion, though three or four rebel by their semblance of over-voluptuous abandonment. Still, the best music is admittedly voluptuous, and not only of Beethoven but of the greater Wagner it has been said that their finest moods were those in which they deserted intellect for passion and played upon heart-strings as upon harp-strings. One bust in this remarkable waxen group, the ninth and the last, has haunted me ever since I first gazed upon it, and has made me return to gaze upon it again



and again. I never felt how modern I was, how *déca-*  
*dent*, if you please, as when I began devouring it with  
astonished, shocked, fascinated eyes. It is supposed to  
mean the Ninth Symphony, but to me it means the un-  
speakable anguish of a deathless love which has sur-  
vived every possible torment inflicted by despair.

I wish that I could describe it—bring it, actual and  
magnetic and thrilling, here upon my page. But how  
tell of the strange, tumbling way in which its heavy  
dusk of hair surges over brow and throat? How ex-  
press the plaintive desolation of its deep-hollowed eyes,  
the lovely and yet haggard curves between temples and  
lips? How put into language the weary limpness of the  
half-parted, crimson lips? You feel that this woman  
has known every joy of which the heart and soul are  
capable, and that hence her suffering is all the more  
august. One might almost assert that infernal fires of  
experience had scorched her spirit. You realize, how-  
ever, that there is no release for her save in death. She  
will love on and on till the last pulse of her sultry blood  
has ceased to vibrate. . . . Positively (and I say it with  
all apologetic shame) this masterpiece of M. Ringel  
d'Ilzsch quite spoiled for me the Venus of Milo, a day  
or two since, when I strolled into the Louvre and con-  
templated her for perhaps the twentieth time. Of  
course the two works are not to be compared; but still,  
say what one chooses, incessant association with the  
faultless grandeur of ancient sculpture does, after a  
while, produce inertia, weariness. The reason of this,  
no doubt, is its absolute faultlessness. Tennyson has  
written the line "Faultily faultless, icily regular,  
splendidly null," and from the same poet we have that  
other memorable line "He is all fault who hath no  
fault at all." Again, Lowell calls Greek art "The one  
thing finished in this hasty world." . . . Well, it all  
comes, very probably, to this: we are prone, the wisest  
of us, to quarrel with perfection. Everybody remem-  
bers how somebody said of a professional grumbler that  
if he ever got to Heaven he would be sure to make a  
fuss about the fit of his aureole.

## CURRENT EDDIES.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

AN anonymous letter, written on a typewriter, on a  
postcard, was received by the Editor of this paper, and  
communicated to me. The postmark is Baltimore, and  
the signature is "A Southern Woman." I reproduce it  
just as it is written:

"SIR—If Mr. Julian Hawthorne is allowed to de-  
nounce Southern men because they lynch Negro brutes,  
COLLIER'S WEEKLY will soon lose the popularity in the  
South which the brilliant contributions of Messrs. Edgar  
Fawcett and Edgar Saltus have gained. Mr. Haw-  
thorne writes flippantly upon a subject with which he  
is grotesquely ignorant. How would he like one of his  
lovely daughters to go in court, and testify as to the  
particulars in unmentionable crimes? To save their  
wives and daughters from such degradation, makes  
Southern men punish with death Negroes who have  
forfeited their lives by their infamous crimes. Let Mr.  
Hawthorne and the North put themselves in the same  
place as the South. The one way to stop lynching is  
for the Negroes to cease to be brutes.—A SOUTHERN  
WOMAN."

It is not hard to guess why this letter is anonymous,  
why the additional precaution of typewriting it was  
adopted, and why a postcard was used, instead of note-  
paper and envelope. I notice it here only because I had  
been curious to see what defense of lynching, if any, its  
professors would put forward; and because it gives me  
an opportunity of adding a word or two on the subject.  
It is significant that this defense emanates (or purports  
to emanate) from a member of the gentler sex. In  
most of the published accounts of negro-torturings,  
women have been portrayed as taking an active and  
enthusiastic part in the proceedings. They are repre-  
sented as cheering on the murderers, and in some in-  
stances as taking a hand at the tearings and burnings.  
Any one is free to have his own opinion as to whether  
such conduct is consonant with our ideal of the womanly  
nature; but at all events it seems probable that were it  
not for woman's support these outrages would be much  
less frequent and bestial. So long as man is restrained  
in his evil deeds by women, he does not utterly throw  
away every remnant of human decency and feeling; the  
worst of us are accustomed to regard her as a standard  
of mercy and delicacy, stimulating or shaming us into  
showing some traits of manhood and self-control. But  
when woman herself hounds us on to our crimes, then  
there is nothing between us and hell. So it was in the  
excesses of the French Revolution; so it is among the  
Turks, whose women have no influence but a sensual  
one; so is it in our own country now. When women  
fail us, nothing is left.

The anonymous writer tries to arouse sectional feel-  
ing by saying that my denunciations are directed  
against the South. Any one who has read the article  
in question knows that this intimation is false. There  
are more negroes in the South than in the North, and,  
for aught I know, there may have been more lynchings  
below than above Mason and Dixon's Line. Whether  
or not this be so is a matter of complete indifference to  
me; and it had no bearing on what I wrote. I was  
careful to point out the fact, which had especially im-  
pressed me, that these negro lynchings, accompanied

with torture, had spread all over the Union. It has  
become a national crime. Respect for law, and rever-  
ence for our common humanity, seem to be giving way  
on all sides. Cruelty has become epidemic. It is due  
to a national defect of personal conscience and good  
citizenship. Its issue can only be disastrous. The  
North is involved with the South in the disgrace, and  
they have, perhaps, even less excuse; for the South is  
in some fear of political domination on the negroes' part;  
and they are less able than the North to regard as  
equals those who were so lately placed on a par with  
cattle. Were the crime confined to a certain area, it  
would be much less onerous; and it was precisely be-  
cause this is not the case that I deemed it the duty of  
all lovers of their country's honor to come forward to  
denounce it.

The flattering allusion to members of my family  
which this letter contains permits me to supply the  
additional information that it was my good fortune to  
win a Southern woman for my wife. In our children's  
veins the blood of Virginia and of Louisiana mingles  
with that of Puritan Massachusetts. In a family so  
constituted there cannot be—certainly there are not—  
any sectional prejudices. But I must call attention to  
a singular disclosure in "A Southern Woman's" letter.  
She declares that the reason of these lynchings is that  
men wish to spare their wives and daughters the em-  
barassment of giving evidence in court. It is impossi-  
ble to credit such a statement. I am inclined to think  
that the charge of "grotesque ignorance" lies at this  
lady's door rather than at mine. I must refuse to be-  
lieve, until better informed, and on other evidence than  
that of an anonymous letter-writer, that Southern men,  
or any men, would indulge in hideous, wanton and use-  
less crimes merely for the sake of keeping the victims  
of negro lust from testifying before a jury. The case is  
quite bad enough if we suppose the murderers to be  
actuated by a blind frenzy to avenge desecration with  
blood. But that the superfine and fantastic fastidious-  
ness ascribed to them by their present would-be apolo-  
gist is justified by the facts cannot but be impossible.  
There is nothing in human nature, or any nature, to  
warrant so ghastly an insinuation.

The writer ends, as was inevitable, by begging the  
whole question; and she does so, moreover, in direct  
opposition to the known facts. "The one way to stop  
lynching is for the negroes to cease to be brutes." The  
truth is, of course, that the lynchings are responsible  
for nine-tenths of the assaults. It is therefore the  
lynchers, and not the negroes, who are endangering the  
honor and lives of American women. And even if  
they care nothing for the honor and security of their  
country, this consideration should give them pause.  
With that remark I will take leave of the most painful  
and repulsive topic of our generation.

There is nothing that can be called news this week,  
except the very old news of murders, suicides, drown-  
ings, burglaries, floods, conflagrations, and so forth.  
This is to be regretted, if for no other reason, because  
it forces the newspapers to depend, for interesting their  
readers, upon detailing the above class of incidents. As  
soon as we find our morning periodicals decorated with  
scare headlines about local crimes and disasters, we  
may know that the world at large is comparatively at  
rest. The European War, for example, is now said to  
be once more postponed. The diplomacy of Turkey is  
founded upon the dogma that mankind, as represented  
in their rulers, are incurably base and cowardly. The  
dogma has been mortifyingly successful so far; but it  
is nevertheless very insecure. The rights and wrongs  
of nations must sooner or later be settled, and mean-  
while the expenses and anxieties of waiting are becom-  
ing intolerable. If no one dares to break the deadlock  
for the sake of justice, it will be broken by some one be-  
cause the situation has become insupportable. The ex-  
plosion, when it comes, will be the louder, just in meas-  
ure as the preventive measures whereby it is sought to  
stifle it are piled higher. We may console ourselves  
with the reflection that nothing worth saving will be  
destroyed by the explosion, though it may alter our pre-  
sent notions as to what really is worth saving and what is  
not. Abuses are innumerable, and many of them mas-  
querade as good things. It is curious to note how ques-  
tions of morals and sociology are coming to judgment  
coincidentally with political problems. One would say  
that there is to be a clean sweep of the whole Augean  
stable, all at once. When the tornado is passed, and  
we recover consciousness, we shall find changes. On  
the whole, we may congratulate ourselves on being in  
at the death of the old order and the birth of the new.  
There is a strange, fresh, exhilarating atmosphere  
awaiting us across the threshold of the coming cen-  
tury.

How the miners' strike will end is still uncertain;  
but it does not seem likely that the questions involved  
can be really settled by the victory of either party to  
the present conflict. Apart from minor dishonesties  
and selfishness on either side, the fact underlies all  
that there is overproduction, and that overproduction  
is due to an oversupply of laborers. We admit too  
many emigrants, and most of them are of an undesir-  
able class. Italians ought to be excluded entirely;  
they are both actively and passively detrimental. They

lower wages, breed disorder, and carry money out of  
the country. But emigration goes on, and while that  
is the case these labor troubles must go on too. Noth-  
ing could be more inevitable than this sequence of  
cause and effect. Honest administration on employers' part,  
and temperate demands on laborers', may stave off  
the evil day; but they cannot finally prevent it. The  
number of the unemployed, and of the insufficiently  
employed, will increase, and when real starvation pro-  
duces real desperation, the riots will be so much the  
more widespread and dangerous. On the other hand,  
the pension outlay is reported to be actually growing,  
though it is hard to understand how; and the trusts are  
having things more and more their own way. Our can-  
dle is blazing at both ends. The reason why money is  
so unequally divided in this country is, that it is the  
object of general worship, and consequently of keen  
competition; and the reason of that is, that money  
power is the only form in which power in this country  
can exist. If we had an aristocracy, like European  
nations, it would afford another avenue by which power  
might be gained and enjoyed; but we are restricted to  
dollar-getting for the gratification of a universal human  
impulse; and those who are successful in the struggle  
are uniformly the shrewd, often the unscrupulous, sel-  
dom the magnanimous. Successful people nowadays do  
not mind being called dishonest; the term has grown to  
be so elastic, and is applied so often. If there be any  
distinctions in moral conduct between the poor and the  
rich, the smart and the stupid, they are due less to any  
observance or neglect of moral standards than to op-  
portunity and ability. The rich man has temptations  
from which the poor man is free; the fool is blind to  
rascalities which the clever man practices because he  
has the requisite cleverness. What we need, as a  
nation, is sincere and hearty belief in some great  
spiritual creed. For the lack of such belief, the Roman  
Empire fell; and like causes will produce like effects at  
any period of human history.

It is a fortunate circumstance that in this ardent  
summer season, when men's passions seem to be in-  
flamed beyond the common, and nature takes a hand  
in making things alarming, the followers of outdoor  
sports and amusements reach their greatest activity.  
How pleasant to think about boating and tennis and  
athletic contests, and even baseball, though the devo-  
tees of that sport are not always as peaceable and good-  
humored as one might wish. But baseball is a great  
game, and it is no use trying to make cricket supplant  
or keep pace with it. We may send our Quakers abroad,  
and with advantage, for the English enjoy beating us  
at anything, and we on our side don't much mind their  
beating us at cricket; so the entente cordiale between  
the two nations receives a not unneeded encouragement.  
Besides, the misfortunes of the gallant Philadelphians  
are offset by those of the Australian baseball team.  
Our Kilpatrick was beaten by the English Bredin in  
the 600 yards (which is not our man's distance); but  
the latter has his best chances yet to come, and there is  
that young Ten Eyck, who has proved his ability to  
beat anything afloat in a single scull. Next to his vic-  
tory, the most gratifying international result has been  
the defeat of the English tennis champions by our  
home talent. That being settled, we can afford to con-  
cede that if there were to be a long series of matches, it  
is more than possible that the Englishmen would come  
out ahead. They have the steadiness which we so sel-  
dom display. A brilliant player like Larned is (so long  
as he stays brilliant) unconquerable; but he may go to  
pieces at any moment. In tennis, more than in any  
other outdoor game, success depends upon the condi-  
tion and quality of the nervous system. Strength and  
trained skill will not compensate for any weakness in  
that direction; at critical moments (and the game is  
full of them) what is needed is confidence, and perfect  
harmony of eye and hand. Then, the brain must be  
quite as active as the body, and physical fatigue natu-  
rally diminishes the ease and accuracy of the brain's  
activity. A man may run fast after exertion has al-  
most caused the brain to cease functioning; but in  
tennis the head generally loses the game long before  
the body is conscious of undue fatigue. The severity of  
the strain is demonstrated by the rapidity with which  
one tennis champion succeeds another; their tenure is  
becoming shorter every year, as the game becomes  
faster and finer. In the beginning, Richard D. Sears  
owed his long supremacy to the fact that tennis as now  
played was unimagined; and also to the lack of com-  
petent cultivators of the game even in its then primi-  
tive condition. But it is harder for a man to be cham-  
pion two successive years now than ten in the eighties.  
I wish the Japanese would take up tennis as a serious  
study; if their ability in accurate gymnastics is any  
criterion, they ought to achieve feats before the nets  
which would amaze the world—for a time. And apropos,  
some scientist has discovered that the average weight of  
the Japanese brain is greater than in any other nation;  
and inasmuch as research indicates that the heavy-  
brained races have always gained supremacy over the  
light-weights, the conclusion starts forth that the in-  
habitants of the charming Island are destined to beat us  
in other things besides tennis.

A week or two ago we were reading with more or  
less edification some passages embodying a sort of par-  
allel to the Gospels; and to-day the "Herald" prints a



new story of the Creation of the world, derived from cuneiform inscriptions unearthed beneath the ruins of Nineveh, which were written some two thousand years before the world (according to the orthodox chronology) was so much as thought of. To happen upon a thing of this kind, in the current of our daily life, is like coming out of a gambling hell and looking up at the stars. These inscriptions not only long antedate the period commonly assigned to the Mosaic writings, but they vary so much therefrom (though still retaining many similarities) that it becomes evident that our Bible is no mere copy of some older original. It is as if the cuneiform scribe, and the compiler of the first chapters of Genesis, had each received a separate message from the Source of Inspiration, and had interpreted it according to his nature and capacity. It must be said that the story in Genesis, though showing less detail than the Chaldean one, is superior to it in form and intelligibility. As we all know, the style of the early chapters of Genesis is not that of the bulk of the Mosaic books; it is not so generally known that the former are part of an older Bible, called "The Wars of Jehovah," now lost, though there is a tradition that it has been preserved among some of the remote tribes of Chinese Tartars.

These immemorial utterances are profoundly interesting, less perhaps because of any information they convey, than because they indicate modes of thought and existence widely different from any with which we are conversant. Language, for the old men, was not a mere cunning web of words, but it was something substantial, solemn and deliberate; it implies mental elevation, reverence, and a living and wholly unquestioning and unquestioned belief in spiritual things. When these men speak, the world seems to respond—to be modified and molded according to their mighty words. Involuntarily, we seek beneath the letter of their speech for an interior spiritual meaning; just as we feel in the man of flesh and blood the unseen presence of a soul. We cannot lightly run them over and forget them; we must needs weigh, meditate and ponder; they hold us by some magic; they have a secret and challenge us to solve it. How are we to account for this character of the ancient writings? Why is there nothing of that sort possible or even conceivable now? Let us imagine ourselves, if we can, sitting at our desk and composing sentences after the manner of these Chaldean ones. It is utterly foreign to the human genius of this age. We may go further and say that it is foreign to any human genius that we can figure to ourselves as having ever existed. And yet, this is written. The Sphinx wears an inscrutable expression; but let Edipus bethink himself: there may be something in Divine Inspiration after all!

It may be very difficult for those who set out for the Klondyke to arrive there; but it cannot be much harder than for us who stay at home to escape the Klondyke. The madness is widespread; wherever two or three are gathered together, you are liable to hear mention of Alaska from one of them; it reminds one of the Mississippi Bubble craze long ago, when a notice appeared, "Stocks in a certain adventure on sale, but no one will be told what it is." It is astonishing how much there is to relate about a place so remote and untraveled as our northwest province. Within a year we seem likely to be better acquainted with its geography and resources than we are with the surroundings of our own town in New York or New Jersey. Wars and gold are the two great geography-teachers of our times. I was thinking, as I read of the hardships of the trip to the gold fields, how convenient it would be to go by balloon; and now it appears that a balloon for that very purpose is already nearly ready for business. The balloon can carry but a dozen or so passengers at a trip; and I presume that the fares will be as elevated as the route; but there will always be persons to pay them, and the advantages would be cheap at any price. You arrive promptly, and unexhausted; by the time the pedestrians get along, you will be well into your second million; there may be trouble in getting so much bullion safe home with you by aerial conveyance; but one would not mind even going afoot with so inspiring a load as that. On the other hand, should an accident occur during the journey northward, it is safe to surmise that it would be of a brief and decisive character; there would be no slow freezing or starving to death; it would be all over in about twenty seconds at the outside. In short, if the proprietors of this balloon can only contrive to make their balloon hold together, I should expect them to realize a very handsome return on their investment. And then there is the off chance that some unexpected air current may enable them involuntarily to discover the North Pole.—For we are beginning to fear that, although the gallant Andree may have found that mysterious spot, he will never return to us with the news. Which would you rather do? Be the first at the Pole, or dig an everlasting fortune out of the frozen deserts of Alaska?

Secretary Roosevelt's remarks on the increase of our navy are satisfactory so far; but somehow one does not believe that we shall ever have a navy that amounts to much in point of numbers. Congress is not built that way. Most of our statesmen live inland, and their profound minds cling to the conviction that, no matter

what happens on our coasts, they will be all right in their remote fastnesses. Certainly they do not possess such intrinsic value as to tempt an invading army to travel very far in search of them. The best hope for this country is, in case of war, that the enemy may make their first landing at Washington, and surround the Capitol; there is no part of the country that is inhabited at all in which are collected so many persons whom we could well afford to do without. With Congress and the Executive out of the way, we might contrive to go ahead and do something which would redound to the national advantage. Seriously, as we advance along the path of our destiny, the benefits of a government become less and less discernible. Stupidity, venality and timidity are the three deities who rule beneath the imitation marble dome of that pretty building at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But Mr. Roosevelt is still young and undismayed, and possesses the convictions of his courage. If he could only scare up a hundred millions or so, in Klondyke or anywhere else, for the purposes of ship-building; and if Mr. Carnegie would consent to supply armor at whatever rates would be satisfactory to him; then, in the course of eight or ten years, when the great War is fought and forgotten, we might expect to see a number of ships in commission. It is true that before that time the flying machine will in all probability have rendered battleships useless; but the less one uses a man-of-war, the fewer become the risks of getting her injured; and Congress would feel that, in some way, there had been a saving.

## LORD ROSEBERY AND RUSSIAN HISTORY.

BY KARL BLIND.

RAPIDLY following upon each other, the travels of the German Emperor and of President Faure to the Court of St. Petersburg look like a race for the Russian alliance. On this occasion it may not be amiss to point out that, on his part, Lord Rosebery, perhaps with sportsmanlike instinct, was the first to suggest to his own countrymen an approach to Russia.

He did so, it is true, with a want of historical knowledge, if not with an intentional ignoring of the most palpable political facts, which in a former Premier and Foreign Secretary of England was rather surprising. In a comparison between the Empire of the Autocrat (as the official title of the Czars' is), and that of the English nation, he praised the former beyond measure, because, as he said, "The Russian Empire has for its basis the unity of religion and the unity of race," and because the aboriginal nation which governs the empire has an extraordinary capacity for assimilating foreign populations to the Russian character. This "power of assimilation," the speaker continued, is of the highest importance for the further progress of Russia and the establishment of her powerful dominion. However men might think about this, it would be impossible not to regard such development "with profoundest sympathy." The whole speech gave a strange impression of coterie and sipping up to Czardom.

Now, surely, it was news to the autocrat himself that it is the "nation" which governs within his realm. Equally unexpected was the assertion that there is unity of religion and unity of race in Russia. On these points a very curious old book gives many extraordinary details. It is the work of the French Captain Margeret, who, at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, served under several Czars. He was acquainted with the famed historian De Thou (Thunus); and his artlessly written but highly instructive book was published at the request of Henry IV. of France.

Lord Rosebery, who has been a widower for many years, was married, it will be recollected, to a lady of the house of Rothschild. The following from Margeret—who often writes with a kind of dry humor in the true style of a lanquenet leader, as he originally was—is, therefore, all the more apposite:

"The Emperor" [this title the Czars already claimed even then, though few governments, England excepted, would acknowledge it] "allows everybody freedom of conscience and the right of publicly exercising his devotion and his religion—barring the Roman Catholics. He also does not tolerate any Jews since the time when Johannes Basilus [Ivan Wassiljewitch], surnamed the Tyrant, had all the Jews that were in the country conducted to a bridge, after he had ordered that they should be bound hand and foot. Thereupon he made them abjure their creed, and forced them to say that they wanted to be baptized, to believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. At the very same moment he had them thrown into the water."

Margeret then shows how the Protestants were treated. After a war with the Livlanders, when all the inhabitants of Dorpat and Narva were led as prisoners of war into Muscovy, the captives were at first allowed to build there two Protestant temples—as Margeret, in French Catholic parlance, calls them. But as these Protestants gradually became wealthy through industry, their churches were demolished and all their houses plundered—when "neither age nor sex was spared and these people, although it was winter, were stripped and left naked, like children coming from the mother's womb."

Half ironically, half seriously, Margeret then says

that the Protestants owed their misfortune to themselves, because, having been carried away as prisoners from their fatherland, robbed of all their property, and reduced to slavery under the power of a wholly coarse and barbarous people, which, moreover, was governed by a princely tyrant (reduits en servitude sous la puissance d'un peuple du tout grossier et barbare, et outre gouvernez par un Prince Tyran), they did not properly humiliate themselves, but became rich by business, so that their women went about clad in velvet and silk, or at least in taffeta. These were unforgivable crimes. So their property was again taken from them—for the greater glory of religious unity.

As to the rest of the population, they had, according to Margeret, full freedom of conscience. "There are," he says, "even Tartars, Turks, and Persians—not to count the Mordvins and other Mohammedan tribes. They all follow their own religion. The same is done by the Siberians, the Lapps, and other races, which are neither Christians nor Mohammedans. Some of them adore certain animals, quite according to their own fancy, without being in any way constrained in their religion."

Wonderful unity in religion, such as it exists to this day in Holy Russia! Or has Lord Rosebery never heard anything of the barbarous persecutions of Greco-Catholic Nuiates, of Old Believers, of Jews, of Stundists, and of other Protestants in the Baltic provinces under Alexander II. and Alexander III.—persecutions not quite ended even now? Has he never seen descriptions referring to these facts in English consular reports and blue-books?

Now as to the unity of race! Does Lord Rosebery not know that the aboriginal populations of the Great Plain, on which the Russian Empire was founded in the ninth century, were composed, partly of non-Aryan, Nyro-Finnish, partly of Slavonian, partly also of Tartar Turk tribes; and that it was a Germanic war clan of Swedes, Norwegians, Angles and Goths—that is, of Scandinavians and Teutons—under Rurik (Roderick), which established the Empire and gave it its non-Slavonian, in reality Germanic, name of Russia?

Again, Lord Rosebery might have known that Russia, weakened by internal feuds among the descendants of that Scandinavian dynasty, became the prey, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, of the Golden Horde and its Tartar Khan, and that, during this oppressive foreign rule, which lasted about two hundred and fifty years, Russia not only became Mongolized in her institutions, but to some extent also in blood. When, at last, the Golden Horde withdrew, having itself become divided and weakened by internal strife, Russia, after the extinction of the Rurik family, saw the offspring of a Tartar, the usurper, Czar Boris Godunoff, mounting the throne. On their part, a number of Russian aristocratic families to this day proudly claim descent from the Norse conquerors of the ninth century, who founded the Empire.

Such is the "unity of race"! Polish writers, like Duchinski, have therefore always protested against Russian leadership over all Slav populations. They say Russia is essentially non-Slav in race. Catharine II., in a famous ukase, herself acknowledged that the Muscovites are in reality of a stock different from the Slav one. It was at her home that the terrible Cossack rising broke out under Pugatscheff, who, supported by Bashkirs, Votjaks, Permjak, and other non-Russian, non-Slavonian tribes, as well as by the religious Dissenter sect of the Roskolniks, was very near conquering the ancient capital of the Empire, Moscow.

The east, the northeast, and the southeast of Russia, in the south also the Crimea—not to speak of the Asiatic dominions of the Czar, where chiefly Tartar and Turk populations dwell—are still different from the remainder of the Empire in race, in speech, and in creed. The Little Russians, or Ruthenes, in the south, also lay stress on their special nationality and language, and are, on that account, harassed by oppressive measures. Are the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Germans of the Baltic Provinces, the Finns and the Swedes in Finland to be forgotten?

In culture, these foreign populations in the west and the north of European Russia are superior to the mass of the Muscovites. In a national and in a religious sense they are a living protest against the alleged unity of race and creed. In fact, the Russian Empire has been often described as a gigantic prison-house of the most variegated populations, the more cultivated of which are kept in subjection by the more backward and barbarous ones. It is strange that a man like Lord Rosebery, an ex-Premier of the largest empire of the world, should not know these things. His speech truly reminds one of Oxenstjerne's saying: "Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed!"

To my mind, the condition of Russia is fraught with danger to European civilization and independence, unless that party which works for the introduction of parliamentary institutions for the several chief nationalities of the Empire should at last be able to get the better of the autocratic, military and bureaucratic system which presses like an incubus upon the intellectual classes. The prospect of such a desirable achievement, it is true, seems far distant indeed. Yet we will not despair, in spite of dark appearances. In the meanwhile, our warmest sympathies are with those who try to raise Russia from her political Slough of Despond.

London, July 21.